

246 h 23

L E T T E R S

F R O M

THE LATE MOST REVEREND

DR. THOMAS HERRING,

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

T O

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq; deceased,

FROM THE YEAR 1728 TO 1757.

W I T H

NOTES and an APPENDIX.

“The Archbishop must have been a delightful correspondent.”

*Archbishop Herring of Archbishop Fenelon. See p. 137.*

L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-  
YARD, MDCCLXXVII.





## P R E F A C E.

*W. V. W.*  
**D**ESIROUS as we are of admittance into the closets of the great and good, of seeing them, as it were, without ceremony, divested of the lawn, the purple, and the ermine, much has been said against the indiscriminate publication of private letters. In truth, when the characters of the writers, or those of others, suffer or are endangered, by such publications, or when opinions are confidentially given, that, it was wished or desired, might never be divulged, great weight must be allowed to the objection.

A 2

And

6

And if the majority of some that have lately appeared had been suppressed, notwithstanding the affected graces of the one, and the no less affected sensibility of the other, the interests of virtue, as well as the reputation of the authors and their female editors, would have been gainers, and, like the Sibyls books, tho' the volumes had been reduced in bulk they would have improved in value. But if all, without distinction, were consigned to oblivion, of how much intelligence, literary and historical, ancient and modern, would the world be deprived ! Like mutilated statues, Cicero and Pliny, Petrarch and Erasmus, Pope and Swift, would have been transmitted

ted to us imperfect and despoiled of some of their most striking features. Without resting, however, on these authorities, that publications like this, in which nothing is said that can offend, nothing but what must please or inform and interest the reader, are allowable and meritorious, appears from the correspondence of many respectable persons of our own times having been conveyed to the press by their best friends and representatives\*. And (what is decisive in the present instance) the opinion of the amiable prelate, who

\* Viz. those of Swift by his great-nephew, Bishop Hoadly by his son, Lord Lyttelton by his nephew, Gray and Shenstone by their executors, &c.



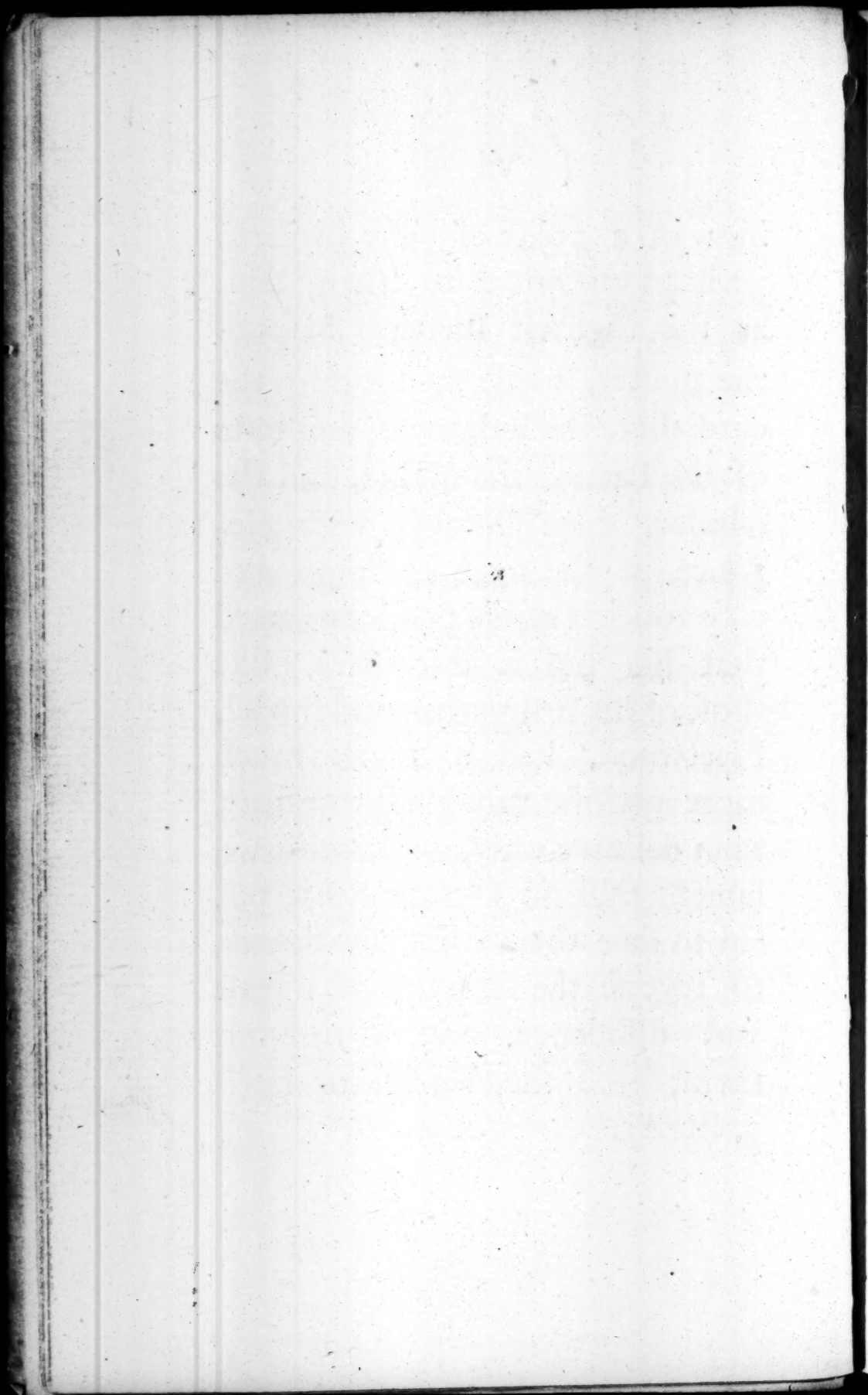
here, "though dead, yet speaketh," may fairly be collected from his permitting the historian of Tillotson to transcribe and decypher for publication the manuscript letters of that archbishop and Lady Russel, preserved in Lambeth library, many of them concealed in secret characters, and none of them intended for the press†.

All who cherish the memory, and revere the name of HERRING, for his public and private virtues, for his steady support of our happy establishment, of freedom civil and religious, for his unaffected piety, moderation, and universal benevolence, will rejoice to see

• Dr. Birch's dedication of archbishop Tillotson's life, p. v.

him

him in a point of view hitherto perhaps unknown to them, and, as the slightest sketches bespeak the master, while they admire the cordiality, the judgment, and taste of the friend, the divine, and the scholar, here flowing with elegance in the most common and easy touches of his pen, convinced that his pulpit discourses, like those of his first patron and model, Fleetwood, had a merit much more intrinsic, much less transient, than delivery only, will, with us, lament that no Augustus interposed to save them from the flames, to reverse the sentence of disease and diffidence, and to transmit them, like the *Æneid*, to latest posterity.



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- N. B. The letters marked thus \*, or extracts of them, were  
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spondence", 1773.

## ERRATA.

- Page 10, l. 18, for "a very few" read "a few very"  
— 21, l. 6, for "affairs" read "affair"  
— 57, l. 3, for "Machiaval's" read "Machiavel's"  
— 80, note †, for "Lecturer" read "Minister."  
— 108, l. 10, for "came" read "come"  
— 146, l. 1, for "Epricopade" read "Episcopade"  
— 271, l. 7, for "the of" read "of the"  
— 297, l. 5, for "how many" read "to how many"

☞ Soon after p. 159 was printed off, viz. August 2, 1776, Dr. Maty died. Besides being Principal Librarian to the British Museum, he was also one of the Secretaries to the Royal Society, and had been some time employed in collecting "the Miscellaneous Works" of the late Lord Chesterfield, with "Memoirs of his Life," which are now just published in two large volumes 4to.

## LETTERS

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L E T T E R S, &c.

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L E T T E R I.

Barley \*, Aug. 20, 1728.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Received your letter yesterday at this place, upon my return home, having been for a fortnight upon a

\* Near Royston, in Hertfordshire. Dr. Herring had been collated to this rectory, by bishop Fleetwood, of Ely, to whom he was chaplain, Dec. 7, 1722. He was at this time also preacher to the society of Lincoln's Inn, having been so appointed in 1726.

B

visit



visit to some friends at Norwich \*. Your letter unfortunately came hither the day after I left the place. I call it "unfortunately," because, though it was a circumstance I could not help, I am really concerned that so kind and obliging a remembrance of me should be so long without a suitable acknowledgment. You will excuse me, if I take the opportunity, from this last favour, to profess myself much obliged to you for others which I have received from you, more particularly for that which stands distinguished in my memory, as one of the most generous and disinterested offers of friendship, which ever I received from any one, since I have been acquainted

\* Dr. Herring was born in Norfolk, at Walsoken, of which his father was rector, in 1693.

with

with the world \*. It is a circumstance in my life, which I remember with

\* This refers to two letters (first printed, without a name, in the Whitehall Evening Post, in March and April, 1728,) in justification of the doctrine maintained in a sermon, preached by Dr. Herring, at Lincoln's-inn chapel, which had occasioned a great clamour, on account of its alluding to the Beggar's Opera, then exhibiting at the neighbouring theatre, and presuming to condemn it as of pernicious consequence to the practice of morality and christian virtue. Experience confirmed the truth of this observation, by the many robberies committed daily in the streets during the representation of that piece, beyond the example of former times; and several thieves and robbers afterwards confessed in Newgate, that they raised their courage at the playhouse, by the songs of their hero Macheath, before they sallied forth on their desperate nocturnal exploits. What Cicero says of the poets in general, may with more reason be applied, with a little alteration, to these popular songs:  
*Ita sunt dulces, ut non modo audiantur, sed etiam ediscantur, sic ad malam disciplinam, vitamque*

very particular gratitude to you, and pleasure to myself. You are very kind again to follow me into my country retirement, and to withdraw yourself from the conversation of your friends in town, to pay me a visit here; for, next to doing it in person, a letter is the most acceptable thing.—It is

*dissolutam et effrænatam, cum accesserunt hujusmodi poetæ, nervos omnis virtutis elidunt.* See these letters in the appendix, numb. i. Never was the force of party-prejudice and private connections in perverting the judgment more conspicuous, than in the applauses bestowed on this performance by Dr. Swift, in the *Intelligencer*, numb. iii. for having “done eminent service both to religion and morality;” and now, when the “still small voice” of reason can be heard, what shall we say, what can we think, of a clergyman, who could condemn his brother for preaching against the Beggar’s Opera, and who could venture to pronounce, that “it would probably do more good than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so injudicious, and so prostitute a divine”—as Dr. Herring?

next

next to the countenance of a friend, and, like that, inspires a certain chearfulness and vivacity; a thing which is sometimes wanted in the country; for, whatever we may think of the pleasures of solitude and contemplation, in the noise and hurry of company and business, life cannot pass off any where agreeably, without the intercourse of friendship and conversation; and this intimation you will please to accept from me, as bespeaking a continuance of that correspondence, which you have so obligingly begun.

I have not seen the pamphlet you mention, but am exceedingly pleased with the passages which you have quoted out of it. The clearness of the reasoning, and the strength of it, bespeak either Dr. Clarke its author, or some other very able hand. As to the



question itself, my sense of it is, that the reasonableness of virtue is its true foundation; and the Creator has formed our minds to such a quick perception of it, that it is, in almost every occurrence of human life, self-evident; but then, I am for taking in every possible help to support and strengthen virtue, beauty, moral sense, affection, and even interest; and it seems to me, as if the Creator had adapted various arguments, to secure the practice of it, to the various tempers of men, and the different solicitations which they meet with. And virtue, thus secured and guarded, may, perhaps, not unfitly be compared to those buildings of a Gothic taste, which, though they have a good foundation, are furnished nevertheless (against all accidents) with many outward supports and buttresses, but so contrived and adjusted by the architect, that they  
do

do not detract from, but even add to the beauty and grandeur of the building.

I shall expect, with great pleasure, your critical essay, which will be safely conveyed to me, if left for that purpose, with Mr. Herring, a draper, at the golden artichoke, in Lombard-street.

I am, with great sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THO. HERRING.

## LETTER II.

Barley, Sept. 16, 1728.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Have a letter of yours now before me, which I cannot tell how to answer in the manner which I ought ; it is so very obliging, that I cannot satisfy myself with only returning thanks for it in the usual style, unless you will promise to give a much stronger signification to “ the usual style,” than it commonly bears ; and, in that sense, let it be as high as you please, I desire my thanks may be conveyed to you. This is the more due to you, because we correspond upon such unequal terms ; and while you send me letters full of entertainment, I make my return in letters full of—nothing.

I was

I was exceedingly pleased with the verses to \* Euryalus, and never read any in that strain which are good, without reflecting how well it would go with the world, if the muses were always retained in the service of virtue.

I have read over your criticisms upon Tindal's translation†, and think them exceedingly just and necessary; such hasty mercenary translators really

\* Mr. John Carleton, on his coming of age. See the appendix, numb. ii.

† Of Rapin's history, in a pamphlet, entitled "Remarks on Mr. Tindal's translation, &c. In a letter to S. T. [Sigismund Trafford] esq." The concluding paragraph is as follows: "Mr. Dryden's elegant version of father Maimbourg's history of the league, is, with regard to style and language, a much better model for any one who will oblige the public with an accurate translation of M. de Rapin Thoyras's history, than Sir Roger L'estrang's translation of Josephus, or of Quevedo's visions."

put



put an affront upon the public, and seem to take for granted, that men have neither taste nor judgment. The inaccuracies of style, and lownesses of expression, and the many omissions in this translation, are prodigiously offensive. The history of Rapin Thoyras is so much debased and mangled by them, that one would think, the translator had a design upon his character, and intended to make him appear ridiculous, by putting him into an awkward English dress; for really, if Mr. Tindal does not take a little more pains, Rapin Thoyras will become of the same class with the rest of our English historians. The Guardian\*, I, remember, has made a very few just observations upon the style of the great lord Verulam, which if Mr. Tindal

\* Vol. I. numb. xxv.

had considered, he would not have fallen, as he often does, into that very vulgar and abject manner of expression.

The most considerable part of your letter is still behind; for I do assure you, notwithstanding it was all acceptable to me in a peculiar manner, there was a little postscript at the bottom of it, which drew my attention more than all the rest. There was something so genteel, and at the same time so sincerely kind in it, that I must put it upon you as a friend, to help me out in making my acknowledgments. It seems you call such services trifles, I do not think them so, but if your judgment was true, Mrs. Duncombe has shewed that she has so much of her sex's art, as to set off even trifles to prodigious advantage.

Octo-

October now draws near, and if you retain your design of coming this way, I shall be glad to see you at Barley ; but must insist upon it, that you acquaint me with the time, that I may be sure not to be at Cambridge.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and sincere

humble servant,

THO. HERRING.

LET-

LETTER III.

Barley, Sept. 20, 1730.

DEAR SIR,

**I** HAVE been rambling ever since our commencement, and am but just returned to the place, where in duty I ought to have been resident; but we batchelors, being an unsettled generation of people, our friends think we have no home of our own, and that they have a claim to as much of us as they please. I received your very kind and agreeable letter with most particular pleasure, and can truly say, that your epistolary visit gave me as much entertainment as any I have received or paid since I saw you, though I have spent a good deal of time among my choicest friends. You gratify me more  
than



than you are aware of, in imagining that I am a lover of children, and I am particularly pleased to hear that your little boy thrives so well with you. I can assure you, in a little time I shall expect an account of the young gentleman in his own hand-writing, for I have a small correspondent about his size, who had rather take the pen into his mouth than his hand—but for all that, he writes very prettily.

Mr. Duncombe is very happy, and you, I am sure, have your share of satisfaction in so promising a youth as your \*nephew is. I read his copy of † verses: I will not say I was pleased with them, because my judgment would

\* Mr. Lewis Duncombe, then a gentleman-commoner, of Merton College, Oxon, where, he died of the small-pox, in the 20th year of his age, Dec. 26 following.

† On the death of Mr. Hughes. See the appendix, numb. iii.

do

do the author no credit; but I shewed them to a friend of mine, a man of letters, and a good-natured critic, and he was much entertained. I urged him to look them over again with exactness, and he then found no other fault, but with \**damnata pati*, of which phrase he questioned the latinity, and he apprehended *a* in *Arabicos*, and *do* in *Eudocia*, to be both short: This was his criticism. If it be right, it gives me no uneasiness, and I am sure it will give you none. You see I am forced to go to other heads for criticism, and therefore you must not expect that from me; but pray send me as many verses as you please for entertainment, and if they entertain me as well as these did, I defy the critics to put me out of humour with them.

\* O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus !

The

The living \* you observed given to one of my name, was to a relation, † but he has been in possession of it a twelvemonth ; such is the exactness of our news-writers. I shall leave this country within a week till term. The beginning of October, I shall be at a friend's in Surry, ‡ Mr. Frankland's at Stoke near Guildford.

I am, Dear Sir,  
your most obliged  
and most affectionate,  
friend and servant,  
THO. HERRING.

\* Carleton in Nottinghamshire.

† Dr. William Herring, afterwards chancellor and residentiary of York.

‡ Frederick Frankland, esq; (afterwards one of the commissioners and comptroller of the excise) Dr. Herring's contemporary at Jesus college, Cambridge. He was father of the present Lady Pelham.

LET-

## LETTER IV.

Blechingley, near Ryegate,  
Sept. 23, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HIS is the first half hour, that I could properly call my own, for some weeks, and I am glad to employ it in conversing with you.

I thank you most heartily for your very kind congratulation, upon my promotion to this good \* living; I am, I own, pleased with it, and hope I may say, I am sure I ought to say, contented. I bless providence for so ample a provision for me, and leave it en-

\* Dr. Herring had been just presented to it by Sir William Clayton, bart. as he was a few months after, to the deanry of Rochester by the king, where he was installed Feb. 5, 1731--2.

C

tirely



tirely to his goodness as to the future enjoyment of it ; but though I am contented myself, you, I find, with the sollicitude of a friend, will be extending your care for me still farther, and prophesying I know not what promotions : If you have a divinity in you, and things should happen so, I hope I shall have the grace to consider every such accession, as only an opportunity of doing good, and, if I am in that temper, I am sure you would stand in the foremost rank of those I should be happy to oblige ; and, if I am not, I give you liberty to condemn me, as much as I shall one day abhor myself. I do not love many words, and therefore shall only assure you, that I am proud of the compliment you pay to my sincerity, in unbosoming yourself as you do to me, and that you may assure yourself, at all times, of every  
kind

kind assistance from me that a true friend can give.

It is a pleasure to me, to hear that your little boy improves so much, and I congratulate you upon the indications he gives of a good and compassionate temper. It is a foil, I know, that you will cultivate with most particular pleasure. I shall be very glad to introduce Junius Brutus \* into the compa-

\* A tragedy, by Mr. Duncombe, afterwards acted at Drury-lane theatre in November 1734. The late Mr. David Erskine Baker, in his "Companion to the Playhouse," vol. I, has indeed asserted that "it was not acted," and also that "it is only a translation of the Brutus of Voltaire." Yet, if he had perused the play, he would have seen not only that it was "acted," but also the names of the actors; he would have found that there is scarce a scene without variations from Voltaire; and that in the Vth act a pathetic scene between Lucia and Titus is entirely new. See a letter from Mr. Duncombe,

ny of Lady Jekyll \* ; I am sure she is  
a friend to the true spirit of Roman li-  
berty.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your much obliged

and most sincere

friend and servant,

THO. HERRING.

on this subject, in " Mr. Hughes's Correspon-  
dence, vol. III. (2d. edition) p. 144.

\* Lady of Sir Joseph Jekyll, master of the  
rolls, and youngest sister and co-heiress to lord  
Somers. His lordship and Sir Joseph were in-  
timately acquainted when young students in the  
Temple.

LET.

## L E T T E R V.

Blechingley, Jan. 19, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OU do too much honour to my judgment in consulting me upon the affairs you do; but your doing it gives me more pleasure than ever; it foorths that vanity, which is in some fort natural to us all, and gives me the fatisfaction of perusing what you write, and of hearing news of the lettered world. I think your \* dedication to earl Cowper very genteel, and, in no degree, guilty of the common fault of those pieces, flattery. I shall be pleased to see this † tragedy of Lillo's;

\* Of Mr. Hughes's poems.

† Elmerick, or Justice Triumphant, founded on a true story in Vertot's history of the knights of Malta.



his George Barnwell has something very touching in it. I think I do not quite like this interweaving scripture-phrases. This may sound odd from a clergyman, but I say it, from the motive of that character. It is to expose those venerable books too much to the hazard of ridicule ; it is, perhaps, something like divesting the magistrate of his robes of honour, and turning him to a mad and prejudiced populace, in the nakedness of a common man. The books of scripture are, no doubt, most excellent themselves ; but their veneration (as the world is) must, like magistracy, be, in some measure, supported by outward circumstance and ceremony. Truth is very amiable naked, but subjected the more to be injured by those who have no taste of her beauty.

You

( 23 )

You will much oblige me in sending me the public judgment about books that come out, now and then, that I may know the better how to give orders to my bookseller.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged friend, &c.

THO. HERRING.

C 4

L E T.

## LETTER VI.

Blechingley, May 12, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received and thank you for the \* books. I have dipped into them, and am fatisfied, from a small specimen, that the world is obliged to you, and will thank you for your pains in collecting them. The bookseller † too, I think, has done his part in the beauty of the edition. It is but right and fuitable that the works of so delicate a genius should come abroad in a neat and elegant dress. I told you I had not gone far in my reading yet, and I have made the less progress for being most agreeably detained in the three fine poems to the honour of the house.

\* Mr. Hughes's poems, in 2 vols. 12mo. then just published.

† Tonson.

house

of Nassau. The "Court of Neptune \*," is one of the most beautiful sea-pieces that I ever beheld; and I am satisfied, if a judicious pencil were to strike off the ideas of the poet on canvass, the picture would be invaluable. "The guardian-shield" is wonderfully poetical and instructive. Never, surely, were the actions of any hero more agreeably related than those of king William in that fine description (exactly consonant to history) which we find in the ode, entitled "The House of Nassau \*." I

\* This poem, (which is addressed to Charles Montagu, Esq; afterwards lord Halifax) was written on king William's return from Holland, two years after the peace of Ryswick. Though it was at that time much admired for the versification, the musical flow of the numbers is its least praise; it rather deserves to be valued for the propriety and boldness of the figures and metaphors, and the delightful machinery. Preface to Mr. Hughes's poems, p. vi.

\* A Pindaric ode, (first printed in 1702) occasioned



am, in short, extremely delighted, and read Mr. Hughes's poems in a sort of transport. If the "Chace," by Somerville, be worth having, send it me by Pemberton, or give me credit for it till I see you.

You were so kind as to promise me a visit, and I should be glad to see you, but to say the plain truth, at present I have no beds. I have with me a friend, and expect on Saturday next two school-boys, my relations, for the holidays. And if they should be baulked in an amusement which I suppose they have dreamt of this fortnight, I do not know what might be the consequence to their Greek and Latin.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

THO. HERRING.

sioned by the death of king William. In the last stanzas of it, Mr. Hughes proved a true prophet of the glories that attended the reign of q. Anne.

## LETTER VII.

Rochester, November 9, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

I say not a word of the honesty of such proceeding, but there would be a sort of scurvy policy in it, if I should write to you, with the air of knowing nothing of your most obliging letter of the 16th of August last, but endeavour at the credit of beginning a correspondence (always most entertaining to me) *de novo*; but truth would perhaps pop out to shame me, before I was aware, and therefore I shall go the old way to work, own the receipt of your letter, and ask pardon for my unmannerly silence. I received it at this place, and carried it with me into Surry, determining to answer it from  
thence,

thence. I was very little at home, and all that little, most laboriously idle,\* so I brought it back again to Rochester, and it now lies before me. You will pardon me, if I burn it, as soon as I have answered it, to get out of the way of such an ungrateful remembrancer, for I am pretty sure, I shall have no reproaches from you.

I see no reason for such a prodigious outcry upon the "Plain account,"† &c. I really think it a good book, and as to the sacrament in particular, as orthodox as archbishop Tillotson: his prayers are very long, but in my poor opinion, some of the best compositions of the sort, that ever I read, and if I could bring my mind to that steady frame of thinking with regard to the Deity, that is prescribed by him, I believe I should

\* *Strenuè iners.*

† "Of the sacrament," by bishop Hoadly.  
be

be so far as happy as my nature is, perhaps, capable of being. There is something comfortable in addressing the Deity, as the Father, not the Tyrant, of the Creation.

I would fain think as well of Mr. Pope's probity, as I do of his ingenuity; but his compliments to Bolingbroke, upon topics of behaviour, in which he is notoriously infamous, shock me so, that it quite disconcerts my good opinion of him. I have bought his works, however, in the pompous edition, and read them with peculiar pleasure. The brightness of his wit, his elegant turns, his raised sentiments in many places, and the musical cadence of his poetry, charm me prodigiously.

I think I must wish you joy of the approaching peace\*. It seems much for his

\* Between the Emperor, France, Spain, and Sardinia, by the mediation of Great Britain.

majesty's,



majesty's, and the English honour \*. I hope it will have a good issue. If any thing new of moment appears, you will communicate it in your usual obliging manner.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your very obliged friend, &c.

THO. HERRING.

\* The articles of the general pacification were approved of by all but those who were resolved to be pleased with nothing that was transacted by the crown or ministry of Great Britain. They however met with great approbation from all disinterested persons both at home and abroad, and no prince ever acquired, by a mediation, more universal honour than his majesty did by this. Tindal's continuation of Rapin, vol. xx. p. 328.

LET-

## LETTER VIII.

Rochester, Dec. 17, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Am exceedingly ashamed, that I should be so long in answering two very kind letters of yours. I have been hindered, in some measure, by the business of our audit, and you will please to accept that excuse, so far as it will justly go. With your letters I received a most obliging present of a book \*, for which, however, I am quite angry with you, and will think of some method of shewing my resentment. It is the most agreeable book I ever beheld ; and I own (though perhaps there is something childish in it) I read Horace with a better goût, and

\* The works of Horace, engraved on copper-plates, by Mr. Pine.

a bet-

a better understanding, for the fine embellishments. Did you ever see a Dutch edition of *Telemaque*, of peculiar beauty?

I hope to be in London some time in the spring, and will give you notice of it; and if you chuse to defer it till then, shall be glad to wait upon you to lord Hardwicke. I shall be very glad to see you in the summer; if nothing happens to interrupt my scheme, I propose to spend a greater part of it than usual at Blechingley.

Mr. D'Oyley \* spent an evening with me lately: he is much your humble servant, and a very genteel and agreeable companion. I had seen Mr. B.'s imitations † (for so they are cal-

\* Vicar of St. Nicholas, Rochester.

† The Pipe of Tobacco, in imitation of six several authors, [viz. Dr. Young, Ambrose Phillips,

led) before you wrote to me, and think the several styles are most ingeniously hit off.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your very obliged friend, &c.

THO. HERRING.

lips, Thomson, Cibber, Pope, and Swift] by Mr. Hawkins Browne. The plan was suggested to him, and the imitation of Philips supplied, by the late Dr. John Hoadly.

D

LET-



## L E T T E R IX.

Blechingley, Feb. 25, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Received your letter, and was indeed extremely affected with the bad news of your loss. It is most certainly a prodigious one to you, and has carried off a great share of your happiness. I do not wonder to hear it got the better of your philosophy. Nature is too strong for reason and speculation, and the finest sayings of the finest moralists are flat and unaffecting upon these trying occasions. The only thing that can give the mind any solid satisfaction, is a certain complacency and repose in the good providence of God, under a sincere conviction, that he orders every thing for the best.

I am

I am glad you have got the better of your own indisposition; the loss of both parents would have been a blow to your poor boy, in which his friends would have felt for him exceedingly.

I read over your wife's letter, and it melted me into tears; and, to say the truth, (she is now incapable of being flattered) I was not less edified with the sincerity, and wisdom, and constancy of her mind, than I was affected with the tenderness of her concern for her husband and her child.... I thank you for the favour of the ring, and am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

T. HERRING.

D 2

LET-

LETTER X.

Blechingley, Sept. 2, 1737.

DEAR SIR,

**I**T is an odd privilege to make of friendship, to consider it as a sort of liberty of being rude, and yet it is often done; and I must now plead it as a reason of my neglecting to acknowledge your obliging letter, (I am ashamed to say it) of the 2d of Aug. but, indeed, if I had had less regard for you, I had been more punctual.

You are extremely kind in your congratulations upon the king's \* favour to me. It is generally looked upon as

\* Dr. Herring was just nominated to the bishoprick of Bangor. He was confirmed at Bow church, Jan. 14, 1737-8, and consecrated at Lambeth the day following.

a point

a point of happiness, and is, to be sure, an honour ; yet, to say the plain truth, I am in no sort of raptures about it, nay, indeed, not without my apprehensions, that I am making work for repentance, and that my friends may hear me repeating, ere long, *Vitæ me redde priori* ! I have thought much of the affair, and can form to myself no new felicities it can bring me, unless it be the opportunities it may possibly be attended with, of living more among such friends as you are, and, some time or other, doing them some good. If that ever be the case, I shall then think some amends is made me for the incumbrance of title and distinction ; for quitting the sweet calms of retirement, and venturing abroad into a troubled ocean.

I thank you for your quotation from Erasmus. It is most excellent herself,



and would really be deemed so in some protestant times and countries. The bishop you mention \*, Pope's correspondent, would have spurned at it in public, and, perhaps, in his closet, fed upon the pleasure it would give him. For if he was not worse used than ever any honest man in the world was, there were strong contradictions between his public and private character.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged

and affectionate friend,

THO. HERRING.

\* Atterbury.

L E T.

## L E T T E R XI.

Rochester,\* Nov. 3, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I Have taken up your kind letter three times to answer, and as often been interrupted. I brought it with me to this place yesterday, and resolved not to miss another post. I thank you most affectionately for your obliging enquiry after me, and I bless God, have the satisfaction to inform you, that I am very well, after the most agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled slowly and commodiously, and found Wales a country altogether as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and bespeaks the magnificence of na-

\* His lordship held this deanry in commendam with his bishoprick.

ture, and enlarged my mind so much, in the same manner as the stupendousness of the ocean does, that it was some time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries. Their beauties were all in the little taste; and, I am afraid, if I had seen Stow in my way home, I should have thrown out some very unmannerly reflections upon it; I should have smiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with something like the rubbish of a creation. Not but that Wales has its little beauties too, in delightful streams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vast ocean, and ranges of rocks, whose foundations are hid, and whose tops reach the clouds. I know something of your cast of mind; I believe, and I will therefore take the liberty

berty to give you an account of an  
 airing one fine evening, which I shall  
 never forget. I went out in the cool  
 of the day, and rode near four miles  
 upon the smooth shore, with a vast  
 extended view of the ocean, whose  
 waves broke at our feet in gentle mur-  
 murs: from thence we turned into a  
 village, with a neat church and houses,  
 which stood just at the entrance of a  
 deep valley; the rocks rose high and  
 near, at each hand of us, but were, on  
 one side, covered with a fine turf, full  
 of sheep and goats, and grazing herds;  
 and, on the other, varied with patches  
 of yellow corn, and spots of wood,  
 and here and there a great piece of a  
 bare rock projecting. At our feet ran  
 a stream, clear as chrystal, but large  
 and foaming, over vast stones rudely  
 thrown together, of unequal magni-  
 tudes, and over it a wooden bridge,  
 which



which could scarce be said to be made by the hands of art; and, as it was the evening, the hinds appeared, in many parts of the scene, returning home with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place, till our prospect was closed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, shut the valley. All these images together put me much in mind of Pouffin's drawings, and made me fancy myself in Savoy, at least, if not nearer Rome. Indeed, both the journey, and the country, and the residence, were most pleasing to me.

Your letters always entertain me, as your last did by an agreeable poem; and, in some sort of return, I cannot help mentioning a French book to you, which I brought in the coach with me, "*Le paysan parvenue*". It is a book of

\* By Marivaux.

gallantry, but very modest; but the things which entertained me, were the justness of some characters in it, and the great penetration into human nature.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged and assured friend,

THO. BANGOR.

LET-

## LETTER XII.

Kensington, Sept. 11, 1739.

DEAR SIR,

**I** AM usually much pleased with your letters to me, and far from being offended with your last ; but, in truth, I am grieved most sincerely to find you give so melancholy an account of your state of health. I know how to sympathise with you, having, in the course of my life, been very sensible of every one of your complaints. Fevers and coughs I always applied to the doctor for ; but as to those disagreeable palpitations you mention, I removed them, (for I was not twenty when I first had them \*) by exercise, (riding)

\* The archbishop imputed the subsequent weakness of his constitution, and an asthmatic complaint, which prevented his sleeping in London,

and good company ; that, I find, is the doctor's prescription to you, which I hope you follow, and with daily benefit.

I met your letter here on my return from Wales. I bless God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a most perilous journey. It was the year of my primary visitation, and I determined to see every part of my diocese; to which purpose, I mounted my horse, and rode intrepidly, but slowly, through North Wales, to Shrewsbury. I am a little afraid, if I should be particular in my description, you would think, I am playing the traveller upon you ; but, indeed, I will stick religiously to truth ; and, because a little journal of

don, to his being put into damp sheets in his youth at college.

my



my expedition may be some minutes amusement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, in my last year's picture of North Wales\*, you complimented me with somewhat of a poetical fancy; that, I am confident, you will not do now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidst the dreary rocks of Merionethshire†. You find, by this intimation, that my landscapes are like to be something different from what they were before, for I talk a little in the style of Othello,

——“ Of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads  
touch heaven!”

I set out upon this adventurous jour-

\* See the last letter.

† To this the present letter is one exception, and Ambrose Philips's poem “from Copenhagen,” published in “the Tatler,” is another.

ney

ney on a Monday morning, accompanied (as bishops usually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, secretary, two or three friends, and our servants. The first part of our road lay cross the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary morass, with here and there a small dark cottage, a few sheep, and more goats in view, but not a bird to be seen, save, now and then, a solitary hern, watching for frogs. At the end of four of their miles, we got to a small village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the side of a fine lake, full of fish, and transparent as glass. That pleasure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and in many places of the road, over natural stairs of stone. I submitted to this, which, they told me, was  
but

but a taste of the country, and to prepare me for worse things to come. However, worse things did not come that morning, for we dined soon after out of our own wallets ; and though our inn stood in a place of the most frightful solitude, and the best formed for the habitation of monks (who once possessed it) in the world, yet we made a chearful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me spirits, and the air gave me appetite, much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our music too, for there came in a harper, who soon drew about us a group of figures, that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude ; a man and woman stood before him, singing to his instrument wildly, but not disagreeably ; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp ; a woman, in a sick  
 night-

night-cap, hanging over the stairs ; a boy with crutches, fixed in a staring attention, and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her business by the charms of the music ; all ragged and dirty, and all silently attentive. These figures gave us a most entertaining picture, and would please you, or any man of observation ; and one reflection gave me particular comfort, that the assembly before us demonstrated, that, even here, the influential sun warmed poor mortals, and inspired them with love and music.

When we had dispatched our meal, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted, and my guide pointed to a narrow pass between two rocks, through which, he said, our road lay ; it did so, and, in a little time, we came at it :

E

the



the inhabitants call it, in their language, “ the road of kindness.\* ” It was made by the Romans for their passage to Carnarvon. It is just broad enough for an horse, paved with large flat stones, and is not level, but rises and falls with the rock, at whose foot it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand a vast rock hangs almost over you ; on the left, close to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded on the other side, not by a shore, but by a rock, as bare, not so smooth, as a whetstone, which rises half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all dismounted, not only from reasons of just fear, but that I might be at leisure to contemplate,

\* If such a road had been made and kept up between England and North America, as well as between England and North Wales, how happy would it have been for both countries !

in

in pleasure, mixed with horror, this stupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having passed over a noble bridge of stone, we found ourselves upon a fine sand, then left by the sea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, passing over more rough country, at our destined inn. The accommodations there were better than expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hostess, and I slept well, though, by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myself in an hospital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner set out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle: there I stayed and did business the next day, and the scene was much mended. The country I had hitherto passed through, was like one not made by the Father of the Creation, but in the wrath of power;

but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river and fine meadows. However, on the Thursday, I had one more iron mountain, of two miles, to pass, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryshire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the finest sheep; and from this time the country and the prospects gradually mended, and, indeed, the whole oeconomy of nature, as we approached the sun; and you cannot conceive what an air of chearfulness it gave us, to compare the desolations of North Wales, with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryshire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickshire; for I made myself amends in the following part of my journey, directing my course through Shrewsbury, Woolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, some  
of

of the finest towns and finest counties in the island. But I must stop, and not use you unmercifully.

I can send you no news from hence. Yesterday I heard Sir Robert had got his ague again. I doubt too he has affairs upon his hands more troublesome than any ague; for I find very wise people in fearful apprehensions about the event of the war. I am afraid we shall hear of great mischief at sea, from the storm of last night, and the high wind of this morning.

I pray God to restore you soon to a perfect state of health.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate

humble servant,

THO. BANGOR.

E 3

LET-



## L E T T E R XIII.

Rochester, Dec. 16, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

**I** AM sure it is high time for me to make my acknowledgments to you, for two most entertaining letters. Your reproofs of my ingratitude are very genteel, but very strong and efficacious; and there is no bearing the reprimand of a second obliging letter, when the first had been neglected.

The verses you sent me \* are very sensible and touching, and the senti-

\* By Mr. Thomas Beach, merchant, at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, a little before his suicide, May 17, 1737. He had an improved understanding, and was author of several poetical pieces, particularly "Eugenia, or virtuous and happy life;" inscribed to Mr. Pope, and published but a few weeks before his death. "That serene  
and

ments in them, I doubt not, exhilarated the blood for some time, and suspended the black execution ; but his distemper, it may be said, got the better, and carried him off at last. I would

and pleasurable month," a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine well observes, " was remarkable for the sudden violent self-destruction of several persons of great capacity and rare accomplishments ;" meaning, no doubt, Eustace Budgell, Esq; (who drowned himself May 4,) and Mr. Beach ; and from thence takes occasion to lament the frail condition of human nature, considering how soon reason is eclipsed in those minds which seem enlightened with its strongest rays. " One of these (he adds) was my particular friend, a fine genius, a delightful companion, and of the most entertaining conversation on all subjects ; one who has said and published the most resigned things with applause." As an instance of this, and to shew how much better he could think than act, an epilogue to Cato, written by him a few years before, may be seen in the appendix, numb. iv.

willingly put that construction upon these melancholy accidents, and then leave the sufferers to the Father of Mercies. I read them to a young gentleman here, a Wrexham man, who knew the author, and lived in that country with an uncle who was intimate with him.

I have been amused, in my leisure hours from business, with "Anti-Machiavel;" indeed, much entertained with him. You know the author is a \* royal one, and if he puts his speculations into practice, if bad times should come, and honest men be forced to quit Old England, I would endeavour, if I could support that character, to

\* The king of Prussia, who, some have thought, has out-Machiaveled even Machiavel, by first disclaiming and exploding his principles, and then, without scruple, carrying them into execution.

put

put myself under his government and protection. He has exposed, very justly, the littleness of Machiaval's principles, who formed his maxims among the petty states of Italy, and supported the justness of them upon the example of a Cæsar Borgia. In my opinion, this book of the king of Prussia is much more in the style and character of a great prince, than the celebrated *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, unless we are to suppose every Christian prince to support the two characters of king and priest; for the book last mentioned is more agreeable to the sacred function, as I believe, in real truth, it was the work of one of us\*.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged friend; &c.

THO. BANGOR.

\* Bishop Gauden was affirmed to be the author, by the earl of Anglesea, in a memorandum  
(dis-



## LETTER XIV.

Rochester, Dec. 16, 1741.

DEAR SIR,

**I** AM afraid, if I must own the truth, your obliging letter to me is dated the 13th of October, and, what is worse, that I have little or nothing to plead in excuse for my silence. I did,

(discovered after his death at the sale of his library, in 1686) in the blank leaf of an *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, which produced a long controversy. Bishop Burnet also asserts, that he heard the same from the duke of York, in 1673. See *Biographia Britannica*, vol. I. p. 157, note (N) in which, however, from several circumstances, the authenticity of that memorandum, and the veracity of Burnet's testimony, in this instance, are strongly impeached, not to mention the internal evidence of the style and spelling, both widely different from Dr. Gauden's.

indeed,

indeed, fully purpose to have seen you, having been twice in London since that time, but I was so straitened in point of time, that I could not call upon you. The last day I came up to parliament, to see the faces of our august assembly, and leave my proxy with a trusty friend. I cannot say I returned full of glee and triumph, but rather with an oppression of melancholy in my spirit; for, in good truth, affairs have a very bad aspect, and, by the concurrence of a thousand untoward accidents, rather, I believe, than male-administration, the situation of our country seems to be the worst that ever I knew, or almost read of; and it certainly requires infinite skill and address, with the blessing too of Providence, (*Deus in machinâ*) to extricate us out of it. Public rumour begins to talk with confidence of a peace, and  
 appear-

appearances in the Mediterranean favour the notion; and the sooner that good thing comes, the better; but, kind heaven! let it be a peace of choice, not of necessity, and without the least tincture of French negotiation!

You may be sure I will fulfill my promise \* to you, when I return to London; but if it lies in your way, should be glad you would just call in at Willes's, and let me know your real opinion of his performance; for when a friend desires a picture, it is natural to wish that the painter may have transmitted, as near as may be, the very person.

Have you seen a pamphlet styled, "Hireling artifice detected?" I wish to God the great man would employ

\* Of sitting for a picture.

( 6r )

somebody that can write plausibly, for I think it a piece of justice to his friends, that, if he expects their assistance in times of need, he should furnish them with weapons of defence.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

THO. BANGOR.

LET.



## LETTER XV.

Bishop-Thorp\*, Sept. 15, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

**W**HEN I have given you a short account of myself from the middle of May, when I left London, you will easily see the reason of my silence, with regard to a friend's correspondence, whom I have now known many years, and truly esteemed as many. I have been extremely entertained by both your letters, but, literally speaking, it has been hardly in my power to thank you for them, my time has been so parcelled out, in spite

\* Near York. Dr. Herring had been translated to that archiepiscopal see, (on the death of archbishop Blackburn) in the April preceding date the of this letter.

of any schemes of my own. I was above a fortnight upon the road, before I reached Bishop-Thorp, and immediately entered here upon a new round of compliments and entertainment, from which I retreated, after ten days, by changing the scene, and fulfilling my second plan of visitation. After a short recess, I entered upon a third, and, at a proper distance of time, upon a fourth, which ended a fortnight ago, and completed my visitation. I bless God for it, I have finished the work, not only without hurt, but with great pleasure to myself, and I returned home with great satisfaction of heart for having done my duty, and acquired a sort of knowledge of the diocese, which can be had by nothing but personal inspection. I have traversed, by this means, a prodigious tract of ground, seen all possible variety

riety of country, many rich and populous towns, and some of the finest seats of the kingdom, and what may give you, by the rules of proportion, a great idea of the importance of this district of England, I am confident, I have confirmed above thirty thousand people. I could enter, with pleasure, into a minute description of every thing that fell within my observation, but I chuse to reserve that, to fill up some agreeable hours when you favour me in the winter with your company at Kensington, where I purpose to be, God willing, before November. But I cannot omit the pleasure I took in my last expedition, which was a visit to Castle - Howard\*, (where I spent two days) where there is every provision for elegant life, which plea-

\* The seat of the earl of Carlisle.

sure and magnificence, conducted with the best oeconomy, can afford. I fancy you are acquainted with this noble seat; for Mr. Bewlay, who is your humble servant and friend, told me you spent some time at York a summer or two ago. I have had some little intercourse with Mr. Bewlay, with whose manner I am much taken. I hope he is as honest as agreeable.

I am in great pain for our affairs in Germany. I pray God send us a good account of them, and, as soon as may be, a lasting peace; for we have heard more than enough of the devastations of war, and famine, and plague, things that shock all philosophy, and can only be solved by a religion founded in a future life.

Without a bit of flattery, I must commend your epistle to \* Iccius,

\* Translated from Horace, b. i, epist. 12.

F

which



which is easy and natural, and a just expression of the poet's sense in one of his most useful hours, when he had laid aside the gallant, and put on the air of the philosopher. I shall take it as a testimony of your friendship, which I desire to continue and improve, if you will favour me, now and then, with any pieces of your own, or such as you approve of others.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

THO. EBOR,

Extract

Extract of a letter from Mr. Duncombe to archbishop Herring,

Dated Frith-street, June 10, 1744.

—MR. Pope, I hear, has left the bulk of his fortune to Mrs. Blount, a lady to whom, it is thought, he either was, or, at least, ought to have been married. The earl of Marchmont, lord Bathurst, Mr. Murray\*, and Mr. Arbuthnot†, are his executors. He has bequeathed all his manuscripts to lord Bolingbroke.

I am told that he has left many plans and fragments, but few finished pieces. A report is spread about town, that, during his illness, a dispute hap-

\* Now Lord Mansfield.

† Of the court of exchequer, only son of Dr. Arbuthnot.

pened, in his chamber, between his two physicians, Burton (who is since dead himself\*) and Thompson; the former charging the latter with hastening his death, by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length silenced them, by saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore, all I have now to ask is, that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,  
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last."

However, I have been since told, that these lines were really written by Burton himself; and the following epi-

\* He survived Mr. Pope not above ten days.

gram, by a friend of Thompson, was occasioned by the foregoing one :

“ As physic and verse both to Phœbus belong,  
So the college oft dabble in potion and song ;  
Hence Burton, resolv’d his emetics shall hit,  
When his recipe fails, gives a puke with his wit.”

Dr. Thompson is going to publish Pope’s case. I find he is in high repute with several persons of distinction.

I shall leave the doctor and Mr. Pope, with a few lines taken from a poetical epistle, addressed many years ago to the duke of Chandos, by my friend, Dr. Cowper \*, which might pass for an encomium on the latter, if he had made a proper application of his wit and fine genius.

\* Son of judge Cowper, then rector of Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, and one of his majesty’s chaplains.



" Good-natur'd wit a talent is from heaven,  
 For noblest purposes to mortals given :  
 Studious to please, it seeks not others harm,  
 Cuts but to heal, and fights but to disarm.  
 It cheers the spirits, smooths the anxious brow,  
 Enlivens industry, and chafes woe ;  
 In beauteous colours dresses home-spun truth,  
 And wisdom recommends to heedless youth ;  
 At vice it points the strongest ridicule,  
 And shames to virtue every vicious fool !  
 Like you, my lord, it all mankind invites,  
 Like you instructs them, and like you delights.

It is impossible to write a letter now,  
 without tincturing the ink with tar-  
 water. This is the common topic of  
 discourse both among the rich and  
 poor, high and low ; and the bishop  
 of Cloyne has made it as fashionable  
 as going to Vauxhall or Ranelagh. Dr.  
 Carlton (a physician, who lives in the  
 duke of Bedford's family) thinks it  
 may be useful in several cases, but dis-  
 likes the bishop's manner of preparing  
 it,

it, in which he thinks the infusion of tar much too strong. However, the faculty in general, and the whole posse of apothecaries, are very angry both with the author and the book, which makes many people suspect it is a good thing. All that I know of it is, that it has relieved two of my friends from stubborn coughs; at least, they themselves think so.

I have undertaken to be editor of the work \* mentioned in these proposals for two reasons;

\* “ Poems on several occasions, and two critical essays, viz. the first on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers, whether in prose or verse, and the other on the numbers of Paradise Lost; (written at the desire of Mr. Richardson the painter) in one volume quarto, by Mr. Samuel Say.” These essays have been much approved by the best judges. Mr. Say was a dissenting minister in Westminster. He died in 1743.

First, I really think it worthy the view of the public ; and the essays, in particular, filled with curious and uncommon thoughts ; and,

Secondly, I hope the publication may be of some service to a very good woman, in the decline of life, and one of the best of daughters \*.

In a letter from a correspondent at York, are these words :

“ Our worthy diocesan is now at Bishop-Thorp, and every day rising in the esteem of this extensive county. The clergy and laity seem to vie with one another in their affection towards him.”

The former part of this letter was written before Mr. Pope's will was printed. It seems he was under an

\* Now married to Mr. Toms, a dissenting minister, at Hadleigh, in Suffolk.

odd perplexity about extreme unction. If he did not receive it, it would disgust the catholics; if he did, and should recover, his protestant friends would rally him. It is likely he thought of it, as Augustus of Poland did of his bead-roll, *C'est une bagatelle*.

I am,

My Lord, &c.

W. D.

LET.



## LETTER XVI.

Bishop-Thorp, July 1, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OU were very obliging in sending me the account you did of Mr. Pope, for we were so far from knowing any of those particulars of his exit, that we were but just sure that he was gone. He wanted nothing but good-nature, and the spirit of true freedom, (which he had only in idea) to make him excellent; and yet, perhaps, his acrimony was the sting of the bee, for such he was, rather than a wasp.

Though we are so backward in some sort of intelligence, we are perfectly acquainted with the virtues of tar-water; some have been cured, as they think, and some made sick by it; and I do think it a defect in the good bishop's

shop's recommendation of it, that he makes it a catholicon ; but, I dare be confident, he believes it such.

I cannot tell what the good people of London think of our public affairs. We that judge two hundred miles from the capital, are not without our apprehensions. There is something disagreeable to reflect, that we are secured at home by \* strangers ; and abroad, if not at the mercy of our enemies, yet, certainly, upon the defensive. I see, by a letter from the camp, that our officers there are quite angry with the Dutch, but, perhaps, they are more the objects of pity.

I shall be extremely pleased with half a dozen copies of Mr. Say's book.

I am, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

THO. EBOR.

\* 6000 Dutch troops.

L E T-

## L E T T E R XVII.

Bishop-Thorp, May 15, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Was sorry, in my little hurry of business before my journey, that I lost the opportunity of seeing you. I thank you and your son for the agreeable present that was left me. I congratulate you upon the hopeful prospect you have of your son's ingenuity, and, I pray God, continue him in the same sense of his duty, which, I know, you have been careful to instill into him. I shall be glad to be some way instrumental to it, by recommending him to a good tutor, which, I am very well assured, Mr. Heaton \*, of Benet, is;

\* Afterwards one of his grace's domestic chaplains, at Lambeth, and preferred by him to the rectory of Ivechurch, the vicarage of Boughton under Blean, and mastership of Eastbridge hospital,

for such is his character to me, and I know he is a person extremely acceptable to the present master of the college, Mr. Castle\*, to whom I will take the liberty to recommend your

pital, in Kent, with a prebend of Ely, (an option) which he now enjoys, with the esteem of all who know him.

\* To this most worthy and truly primitive divine, Mr. Heaton afterwards paid the last debt of friendship, by inscribing on his monument, in Barley church-yard, (of which parish he was rector, and also dean of Hereford,) the following classical epitaph :

*Quisquis es*

*Qui nuperam virtutem fastidiosè colis,  
Morum antiquorum et prisce temporis laudator,  
Scias,*

*Neque moribus simplicioram,*

*Neque literis instructiorem,*

*Vetustatem exhibuisse ;*

*Summâ caritate suos complexus est,*

*Suos autem duxit*

*Humanum genus.*

1750.

son,



son, by giving him a letter to him, if you please to give me notice of the precise time of his going for admission.

Our news from Flanders has been disagreeable enough \*, and yet there is a mixture of honour in the disappointment, which gives one spirits and hopes; and it is certainly better to miscarry in the field of battle, through temerity, than cowardice.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your much obliged friend, &c.

THO. EBOR.

\* The battle of Fontenoy, May 1.

LET-

## LETTER XVIII.

Bishop-Thorp, July 29, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

I AM in your debt for three letters, the last of which met me here, at my return out of Nottinghamshire, where I went to visit a friend \*, snug and private, as I hoped, but I found it quite otherwise, and am really returned to this place for retirement. However, my journey was very agreeable. I paid some compliments to great folks, who love to be complimented, and got into the acquaintance and characters of some of the principal gentry in that part of my diocese.

I thank you for your offer of the curiosities, I mean the forms of prayer

\* Dr. William Herring, rector of Carleton.

collected by Mr. Say\*; but as I am never likely to be employed in forming compositions of that sort for the public†, that work being in the province of Canterbury, they will be of no use to me; for common use, the common form will serve my purpose.

I was extremely pleased to hear of your kind reception at Cambridge. If I had had no hand in it, the good master's natural temper would have prompted him to have behaved towards you in the manner that he did. I dare say, you will have no reason of any kind to repent your son's admission into Benet college, where I wish him every possible success. Tom Pyle‡

\* On public occasions, from the time of archbishop Laud.

† Unlikely as it was, this event, however, did soon happen.

‡ Lecturer of Lynn-regis, canon residentiary of Salisbury, and author of a Paraphrase on the Acts,

is a learned and worthy, as well as a lively and entertaining man. To be sure, his success has not been equal to his merit, which yet, perhaps, is in some measure, owing to himself, for that very impetuosity of spirit, which, under proper government, renders him the agreeable creature he is, has, in some circumstances of life, got the better of him, and hurt his views.

Your last letter brought me very disagreeable news, and I began to think, that it was really *Hannibal ad portas*, and so it will prove, if Ostend be

Acts, Epistles, and Revelations. He died in 1757, aged 84. Sixty sermons by him, on plain and practical subjects, were published, in two volumes octavo, in 1773. Mr. Whiston says, that "Dr. Sydall, with Mr. Pyle, sen. of Lynn, were the two best scholars that he ever examined for holy orders, while he was chaplain to Dr. Moor, bishop of Norwich." Memoirs of his life, p. 287.

G

taken.



taken\*. This acquisition in North America† is something, and, I suppose, pleases the merchants. Sure it is not possible for the Dutch to act the part of which they are suspected. If they do, let France be our ally, and lord of the Seven Provinces! An open enemy is a friend, compared to a secret and perfidious one. By this means they would reduce the royal duke to the *Fauces Caudinæ*‡.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. EBOR.

\* Ostend was taken, August 14, and, on December 4, Hannibal was at the gates—the pretender was at Derby.

† Cape Breton.

‡ Or “the Caudian Forks.” The danger and disgrace of the Romans in those narrow passes may be seen in Livy, b. ix.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Bishop-Thorp, Oct. 15, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Was extremely mortified at a letter to-day from Mr. Herring, in which he told me, that he had not sent you a sermon \* and speech †, because he did not know where you lived. I ask your pardon for being so careless, but, indeed, I had given him my orders to

\* Preached at the cathedral-church of York, on occasion of the rebellion in Scotland, Sept. 22.

† On the same occasion, to the nobility, gentry, and clergy, at the castle of York, Sept. 24. This was the first alarm that was given to the nation, and will ever be remembered to his grace's honour.

G 2

you,

you, (as was right, I am sure) among the first of my friends.

You see what a bustle these ruffians have made in the nation. I little thought I should have been the subject of so much observation at this juncture, my meaning being only to discharge my duty in my proper sphere and station; but, be the event what it will, I hope I shall have the grace never to repent of doing my best service to my country.

Our best intelligences from the North seem to agree, that the rebels are much divided, and, I hope in God, the next news will be, that they are in confusion. What is the matter in the city of London? There is a jealousy and gloominess, quite disagreeable; and I hear a discouraging account of Oxford.

If

( 85 )

If you please to call at Mr. Herring's when you go into the city, a sermon and speech are extremely at your service.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

THO. EBOR.

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LET-



L E T T E R XX.

Bishop-Thorp, Nov. 2, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OU are very kind in communicating news to me from London. We look here both ways ; and though the North is at present the scene of curiosity, we are very greedy of intelligence by the Southern post. I expect by and by to hear from the camp at Dalkeith, and have reason to hope the news will be acceptable. It will not come time enough for me to send you. I was informed last night, that the rebel army was in great distraction. I think they have reason, whether it be so or not, for the king's army is a very great one, well appointed and commanded, the soldiers appear in the best spirits of loyalty and courage,  
and

and lord Loudon, together with the lord president\*, are at the back of them, with force sufficient to contain the country, cut off the supplies from the Northern ports, and, I hope, the retreat of these thieves and murderers. Byng is in those seas, has, they say, landed a thousand marines, and has orders to seize every sort of vessel, and to burn the refractory. However, a report is spread here, that the rebels will stand a battle; and, I know, Wade was of opinion, that he should have some trouble with five thousand of them.

I was very sorry to hear of a division in the house, on the subject of a present enquiry. Suppose there was no other reason, how could it enter into the heads of gentlemen, that it was even

\* Duncan Forbes, Esq; of Culloden.

possible to carry on an enquiry of that nature, in the present conjuncture of affairs?

I observed your postscript about Mr. Burford\*. You may, if you please, tell him, that I will talk with him, when I come to town, but none of my friends can bear Hogarth's picture†. This puts me in mind to tell you, that

\* An engraver.

† This picture indeed (as appears by the print, engraved by Baron, in 1750) exhibits rather a caricature than a likeness, the figure being gigantic, the features all aggravated and *outrés*, and, on the whole, so far from conveying an idea of that *os placidum, moresque benigni* (as Dr. Jortin expresses it) that engaging sweetness and benevolence, which were characteristic of this prelate, that they seem rather expressive of a Bonner, who could burn a heretic.

Lovat's hard features Hogarth might command; A Herring's sweetness asks a Reynolds' hand.

the

the true reason why I have broke my promise with you is, that I have been put out of temper with sitting, and I will not sit for you, till I can bear it with the best humour in the world.

I shall be glad to hear from you. I shall stay in the North, I believe, till the end of this month.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. EBOR.

LET.



## LETTER XXI.

Bishop-Thorp, Jan. 4, 1745-6.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HE gentle reprimand contained in your enquiry about the receipt of your letters, was extremely just a month ago, and, I am sure, is more so now ; but, to say the truth, business, company, journeys, and other avocations, make me a bad correspondent.

Your city-journal was instructing and humorous ; and, if you had continued it to this hour, the picture would have been various and entertaining ; though, I hope ere long, it will have some more agreeable scenes in it ; for, in truth, at present, a gloom still spreads over it. The royal duke has done as much as any young man, that was valiant and active, could ; and had it

it not been for two or three infelicities, in all probability he had done the business effectually. As things are, the black cloud is gathering again in the North ; and, if great care is not taken, we may expect will break in a thunder-shower in April. Four thousand have escaped pretty much unhurt, and all their chiefs, except Glenbucket, who died in Carlisle ; and, I am told from Scotland, that it will be impossible to hinder the junction of the rebels with those in Perthshire. Glengyle, the Gazette says, has passed the Forth, and raised a fort on this side of it, to secure the pass. John Drummond acts with great severity, has put out a declaration, asserting himself commander in chief for the French king, and has silenced the ministers in Angus. All this is plain and unmasked ; and yet, of near eight thousand of the king's friends,

friends, who were said to be in arms in Scotland, I do not find that one has exerted himself to prevent mischief, or very few, at least, and that very ineffectually.

The Dutch, I find, are likely to be incorporated with France. I shall begin to think myself a politician, for it was my wish, from the beginning of this affair, that marshal Wade would have no occasion to fight. I am now convinced the Dutch troops would have betrayed us \*.

\* These troops consisted chiefly of the garrison of Tournay, which, by the capitulation, were disabled from acting against the French, as appeared from the message which was sent to them by a French officer, Geoghegan, on a supposition of their being with the duke of Cumberland, at the siege of Carlisle. And the short marches and inactivity of marshal Wade can only be accounted for, from his being afraid to trust these false friends, who thus, when we asked them for bread, gave us stones.

Well,

Well, God grant us an happier new year! May it arise with peace and healing in its wings! It is a wayward world, and a wise man may be allowed to be weary of it.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

THO. EBOR.

LET-



LETTER XXII.

Bishop-Thorp, March 10, 1745-6.

DEAR SIR,

**I** AM obliged to you for two letters. Your congratulation upon a late turn of affairs \* was perfectly agreeable to me, and to the general sentiment of this country. There is no bad consequence that was not to be dreaded, had the resignations † been accepted. I pray God, preserve the king ! It is no derogation to him, nor to any prince, to say he is an honest

\* The change in the ministry, by lord Granville's resigning the seals, after holding them only two or three days.

† Of the duke of Newcastle, lord Harrington, and all their friends.

man,

man, and steadiness, I hope, will make him a happy one.

I thank you for the specimen you sent me of your son's ingenuity, and make no question, but he will find friends to encourage him at his college; where, if he wants my assistance, he shall be sure to have it.

Things in Scotland begin to look ill again; and lord Loudon's weakness is almost a demonstration to me, that the Scots at present are proving the truth of their national character, which, according to their own historians, is the blackest perfidy and savageness. That noble lord has been half a year getting men together, and wanted no supplies from the government; yet, together with the assistance of the lord president, he has been able to make no figure; though Sir Arch. Grant told me, in November last, "that the  
Scots

Scots were nine to one for king George." Pray God send the duke safe again out of a country, whose air breathes perfidiousness ! The weather is extremely severe, and the snows fall thick and deep, which must certainly increase the difficulty and the hazard of the duke's campaign.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. EBOR.

LET.

## L E T T E R XXIII.

Bishop-Thorp, June 25, 1746.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE bad news must be told, I think it an honest art, for the comfort of this chequered life, to convey it in as agreeable manner as may be, and mix it in some sort with pleasure. Your good \* brother is paying a debt which, *serius, ocius*, is due from us all; but; I dare say, your kind presence contributes not a little to lighten his spirit, and sooth the cares of his family; and I thank you, when you told me a story that gave me real concern, that you blended entertainment

\* John Duncombe, Esq; of Stocks, in Hertfordshire. He died June 30.

H

with



with it. If the good man is still amongst us, my best wishes are with him; if he is mingled with the greater number, peace be to his manes; and I hope and believe, that he leaves a son behind him, of a temper and disposition to imitate so good a father.

Your friend Bewley dined with me the other day. He told me, your brother was still alive, by his last intelligence. I propose to be better acquainted with Mr. Bewley. He is a very agreeable man, and has the air and appearance of a very honest one. I pretend to some skill in faces. No way is infallible, but I am confident, that is one way to the hearts of men. As I do not love to be idle, I have done a good deal here at my premises, and I have called in Mr. Bewley, who has a turn for it, to plan me a few more altera-

alterations. I hope, what I have is now my own, to the end of my short lease; at least, no Northern irruptions are like to shorten it. Old Lovat, the arch-rebel, is taken; and the chiefs are now suffering the just punishment of the most perfidious rebellion, that ever men were guilty of. Their country is the picture of desolation; half the men slain; families perishing for want; houses and huts burnt; corn destroyed for forage; not a spire of grass; woods burnt to the ground, for the compass of twenty miles; and even their private fisheries all drained to supply a devouring army. This is the state of the enemy-country, and surely no other than the effects of the justest vengeance; and yet there is a horror in the scene, which makes nature shrink back at the reflection. Praised

( 100 )

be the goodness of God, for preserving  
to us the blessings of a just and gentle  
government !

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. EBOR.

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LETTER XXIV.

Kensington, March 4, 1746-7.

DEAR MR. DUNCOMBE,

**I** Thank you for your notice about the \* picture. I had before spoken to Mr. Hudson about it, and; if it be in good condition, should like to have it, if it came within eight guineas or thereabouts, but I do not choose to go higher. You may intimate this to Mr. Hudson, if you see him disposed to go further for me, which you may at a proper time ask him.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. EBOR.

\* Of Archbishop Tillotson, a half-length, copied from Sir Godfrey Kneller, by Mr. Richardson. Mr. Hudson (Richardson's son-in-law) bought it, however, for himself at 8l.

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LET-



L E T T E R XXV.

Bishop-Thorp, Oct. 21, 1747.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Have taken both your letters into my hands a great many times to answer, and been as often prevented. I never did, nor ever will forget my friends, certainly not such friends as yourself, whom I have known so long, and from whose correspondence I have received both pleasure and profit.

The master of Benet \* made me a visit this summer, and I was extremely pleased to hear him speak with uncommon regard of your son. He does not speak lightly, and never insincerely.

We have had and still enjoy the finest season imaginable, which, with

\* Mr. Castle. See letter xvii.

other

other reasons, would detain me longer here, but I am thinking of London, for the voice and countenance of every individual friend will at present have its use in the support of the king's government! Through the feeble help of treacherous allies, our neighbouring is certainly too much for us, and, I think, we have nothing to do, but practise Phocion's policy, who advised his countrymen not to quarrel with Alexander, 'till they found they could beat him. I wish some of our great men could practise another piece of his policy, which was, to divert the arms of that *grand monarque*. But Phocion is a name of bad omen. He lived when the Grecian state was expiring.

Rutherford's antagonist is a lady \*

\* Mrs. Cockburn. Her works were afterwards published by Dr. Birch. The pamphlet to which the archbishop here alludes, is entitled

the wife of a clergyman in Northumberland, I cannot recollect her name.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

THO. EBOR.

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A few days after the date of this letter, his grace was advanced to the metropolitical see of Canterbury, in the room of archbishop Potter, (who died Oct. 10) to the general satisfaction of the nation, himself perhaps alone excepted. But the earnest intreaties of his great and good friend lord Hardwicke were irresistible. Like Cranmer, "he had a true and primitive sense

"Remarks on the principles and reasonings of Dr. Rutherford's essay on the nature and obligation of virtue."

of

of so great a charge, and, instead of aspiring to it, he was afraid of it \*.” And “this known reluctance to accepting the first station in the church,” is justly mentioned by Dr. Birch, as one of the instances in which he resembled Tillotson, “with this peculiar circumstance, of having before shewn the highest qualifications for it, by a conduct in the second, from which the public safety received its earliest support at its most dangerous crisis†.

The temper and disposition with which his grace entered on this arduous office are well displayed, in two other letters, written soon after his elevation, and which therefore, though already published, deserve a place

\* Burnet’s abridged history of the reformation, vol. i, p. 90.

† Dedication of archbishop Tillotson’s Life, p. vi.

here.



here. The first was in answer to one from Mr. Whiston, complaining, with apostolical boldness\*, of "the mean composition of the forms of prayer for the days of fasting, in archbishop Potter's time;" begging, with primitive simplicity," "that better forms might be provided for the time to come, and particularly, that in the next form for the fast, February 17, some serious collect might be inserted on occasion of the long and sore murrain among the horned cattle;" and requesting "a

\* With such boldness this good prelate could never be offended. Another free speaker, Brown Willis, being on a visit to him, and a certain doctor being named by his grace, "Doctor T!" quoth the antiquary, "and pray how came he to be a doctor?" "I gave him the degree." "O! a Lambeth doctor," exclaimed Willis; "yet (said the archbishop, when he related it) he came to ask a favour of me, nor did he fare the worse for his freedom."

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copy, if to be found at Lambeth, of that admirable collect of thanksgiving and prayer, on occasion of the great storm, November 27, 1703, an excellent pattern for future forms."

The other letter was in return for a volume of sermons presented to his grace, with congratulations on his advancement, by the learned and pious Dr. George Benson, and which was published in the memoirs of his life, prefixed to his "Life of Christ," by the editor, Mr. Amory, "as a friend to liberty and mankind; because it breathes so strongly that Christian spirit, which, did it generally prevail in the governors of the Christian church, would produce most extensive good effects, in regard to the present, as well as final happiness of mankind."

L E T.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. WHISTON.

Kensington, Jan. 28, 1747-8.

REV. SIR,

**I** Thank you most kindly for your good letter, and am better pleased with your Christian wishes for me, than with a hundred compliments I have received in picked and elegant phrases. Your's, I am sure, came from a good heart, and a sober judgment. I will do the best I can in this station, to which, indeed, I have been forced. And as neither pride, nor ambition, nor covetousness tempted me to desire it, so it is my daily prayer to God, that in the use and exercise of this great office, I may keep my heart and my hands free from those sad temptations. What you hint about the form of prayer, your age, and learning, and

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experience give you a right to say; but it becomes them who have less of all those to be a little more reserved: the same form is come out by authority for this year. Many good men concur with you on the subject of the murrain \*; and, I am afraid, in a little time, it will make the stoutest of us cry out for mercy, and reach those high places, which seem almost out of the reach of such calamities. Upon your hint, I looked over the forms of prayer, and find one for the 17th of January, 1703-4. - This, I suppose, is what you mean, and I send you one of the prayers transcribed†.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* In consequence, as it should seem, of Mr. Whiston's desire, a prayer was afterwards ordered on this account, being first read (as he observes) in Lyndon church, in Rutland, May 19, 1748.

† For



L E T T E R XXVII.

To the Rev. Dr. BENSON.

Kensington, Feb. 2, 1747-8.

REV. SIR,

I Cannot satisfy myself with having sent a cold and common answer of thanks, for your volume of most excellent and useful sermons. I do it in this manner with great esteem and cordiality. I thank you, at the same time, as becomes me to do, for your very obliging good wishes. The subject on which my friends congratulate me, is, in truth, matter of constant anxiety to me. I hope I have an honest intention,

† For this collect, which is indeed admirably suited to the occasion, and also for Mr. Whiston's letter which gave rise to the above, see his own memoirs of his life, pp. 339 and 342.

and,

and, for the rest, I must rely on the good grace of God, and the counsel and assistance of my friends.

I think it happy, that I am called up to this high station, at a time, when spite, and rancour, and narrowness of spirit are out of countenance; when we breathe the benign and comfortable air of liberty and toleration; and the teachers of our common religion make it their business to extend its essential influence, and join in supporting its true interest and honour. No times ever called more loudly upon protestants for zeal, and unity, and charity.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your assured friend,

T. CANTUAR.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To Mr. DUNCOMBE, in continuation.

Kensington, May 18, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

**A**S you insist upon it, that the library at Lambeth shall be enriched by your very bountiful present\*, I accept it, with thanks, for myself and successors, and they shall be deposited with proper care and acknowledgment. Your letter was brought to me in company, and I understood your servant shot away like a ghost.

I shall always be glad to see you, and hope you will not defer your visits till I get to Lambeth.

\* Rymer's Fœdera, 17 vols. folio.

Your

Your son writes well, and I feel his agitations before his act. I remember, I never was more frightened than on the like occasion. I heard of the riot of these boys \* before. There is nothing in the business extremely tragical, but it is an instance how general a spirit of misrule is gone forth amongst us.

Poor D'Oyley's death I heard of the day after it happened. I remember his collection of books. I should be

\* The under-graduates at Cambridge, on the time and mode of the exercise, performed by the batchelors of arts being altered. On this occasion, Mr. Ansley, fellow of King's College, (since distinguished by his "New Bath Guide," &c.) for the sarcastic irony of his declamations, was twice degraded; in his own words,

————— Studious of ease,  
He slept seven years, and then lost his degrees.

I

glad



glad to see a catalogue of them, and possibly I might think of purchasing them\*. I thank you for your ingenious sonnet, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

Pray see my picture at Hudson's. If you like it, I will order a copy, and sit once or twice, but, I protest, I am tired of that work.

\* They were purchased by Mr. Whiston, bookseller, in Fleet-street.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

Kenfington, May 21, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you, I have been in Lambeth library, and find there a complete set of Rymer's Fœdera. As this is the case, I leave you to do as you please with your copies, assuring you, with an integrity, I hope, well known to you, that your offer to me stands as a real obligation upon,

Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

LETTER XXX.

Lambeth, May 15, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

**B**E assured that I want no remembrance to serve you, or the very deserving young man your son. He shall not lose the fellowship at Benet, through any failure in me to help him, and I know you will leave the manner of it to me.

I was the other day at your friend Mr. Richardson's \*, to see a head of bishop Fleetwood, of his father's painting. He was very polite; and, on my asking whether he would part with it, he con-

\* In Queen-square.

sented,

( 117 )

sented, and we soon agreed upon the terms \*.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* This picture the archbishop bequeathed, by his last will, to the late earl of Hardwicke, his "ever honoured friend."



LETTER XXXI.

Lambeth-house, Nov. 28, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Felt the same concern, which you seem to do, on the score of the publication of Bower's escape \*. Mr. Bar-

\* "From the inquisition," taken down by memory at York, in the year 1749, (and sent to the archbishop) from an account given by Dr. Taylor, a physician, of Myton, near that city, who had it from Dr. (afterwards bishop) Hayter, a friend of Bower. This account being published by Mr. Barron, a dissenting minister, Bower, in two advertisements, publicly disowned it; in the first declaring it, "in almost every particular, absolutely false;" in the second, "very imperfect, and false in many circumstances;" though, on being requested by Dr. Hill, the archbishop's chaplain, to specify some of the falsehoods, he could instance none, except Bern being mistaken for Basil, and his being styled "secretary of the inquisition."

ron has doubtless done an imprudent thing, in the spirit of an honest zeal, and Bower had done well, if he had only declared his narrative not authentic.

I cannot account for the large spread of the story, which has gone over all the north, Barron's copy coming from Rochdale. He has owned his mistake as to Hill. I communicated your relation of the story to all my family, but no farther, that I remember. Some of them probably did communicate it to some friends of theirs. But this I am clear in, that neither you nor I have any blame in this matter; and therefore it will be best not to appear

inquisition," instead of "counsellor." This first gave occasion to Dr. Douglas, and others, to suspect Bower's integrity, and to commence a paper war, in which the historian of the popes was worsted.

in the controversy, unless we are called upon to be particular, and then you must step forth. I never said more, than that an ingenious young man took the story, by memory, from relation, being more than ordinarily affected by it.

I am.

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Lambeth-house, Dec. 1, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

I ASK pardon for not informing you in my last, that I had your first letter.

I thank you for your Cambridge intelligence. The affair is ended rightly. There never was an instance of higher folly and ingratitude, than the misbehaviour of the masters of arts\*.

Your friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* Two M. A's. (one of them Greek professor) one LL. B. and about forty B. A's. and undergraduates, being found at the tavern by the senior proctor, on Nov. 17, queen Elizabeth's anniversary, at past eleven at night, and, as he said,



L E T T E R XXXIII.

Lambeth-house, April 18, 1752.

DEAR SIR,

**A**S the \* author chose to convey the † inclosed to me by your hands, I desire to return it to him the same way, but upon condition, that you give him my sincerest thanks for

said, insulting him, they were all convened publicly before the vice-chancellor and heads; the M. A's. were reprimanded; Mr. Ansell, fellow of Trinity-hall, for a shew of contempt in making his defence, was suspended from his degree, and the others fined 6s. 8d. each. A narrative of these proceedings, with the speeches, &c. was soon after published.

\* Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq; member of parliament for Wenlock, in Shropshire.

† A MS. copy of his Latin poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*.

the

the perusal of it. It has given me prodigious pleasure; and I have but one, or perhaps two reasons, for forbearing the strongest encomium. I wish to God, Lucretius had had so good a subject, and so much at his heart!

The author's intentions \* do me honour, and I am proud of being transmitted to posterity, as a friend to such doctrine, so explained and illuminated.

Dear Sir,

Your's faithfully,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* Of inscribing it to his grace.

L E T-

## LETTER XXXIV.

Croydon, June 25, 1752.

DEAR SIR,

THE country, I perceive, has a fine effect upon you, and it is well for you *rejuvenescere* ; for I know, from more reasons than one, that you will be brought into no dangers, by a new spring in your constitution. I have reproached myself more than once for not fixing a time for a little expedition hither, as you had intimated an inclination in Mr. Browne to do me that favour, but indeed it was not in my power to do it, for the only day I had to spare, was claimed from me by a lady, on a long promise. I will hope for another opportunity, for there is a treasure in being acquainted with  
a man

a man of such an heart and understanding as Mr. Browne.

I return you \* Greene's very sensible letter. I have the best opinion of him, and a strong propensity, if I live, to be useful to the old house†.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* Then fellow of Benet college, now minister of St. George's Tombland, &c. Norwich.

† His grace left to the college 1000l. in Old South Sea Annuities. The clause in his will may be seen in the appendix, numb. v.



L E T T E R   X X X V .

Lambeth-house, Feb. 19. 1753.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Have been so much employed of late, that till now, I have hardly had time to tell you, that I received your two letters. I will become a subscriber to \* Mr. Jeffreys with great

\* George Jeffreys, Esq; M. A. fellow of Trinity-college, Cambridge, from 1701 to 1709, sub-orator of that university, &c. He was nephew to James lord Chandos, and lived in the families of the two last dukes many years. His "Miscellanies in verse and prose," were published in one volume quarto, in 1754; among them are two tragedies, Edwin and Merope, (both acted at the theatre-royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields) and the Triumph of Truth, an oratorio. He was also author of the anonymous verses prefixed to Cato. He died in 1755, aged 77.

plea-

pleasure, and shall order my man to call at the bookfeller's. I thank you for the inclosed in your last. I am glad Mr. Browne received pleasure from *Adamus Exul* \*. As it was new to him, possibly he may glean up something to add to the ornament of his own excellent work. The *Adamus*, considered as the production of a young man of eighteen years †, is quite a prodigy.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* By Grotius.

† It was printed at Leyden in 1601. The author himself had so indifferent an opinion of it, that he would not suffer his brother to insert it in the collection of his works. It was first re-printed by Lauder, with interpolations from Hog's Latin translation of *Paradise Lost*, in the Gentleman's Magazine.

LETTER XXXVI.

Croydon, July 1, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

**I** AM ashamed I have not answered your very kind and tender letter \*, as I cannot plead disability for any

Magazine for 1747; “it being so scarce, (he says) that he could not get a copy of it either in Britain or Holland; but the learned Mr. Abraham Gronovius, keeper of the public library at Leyden, after great enquiry, procured one, and sent it him transcribed.” These, and other interpolations and forgeries, inserted in Masenius, &c. were detected by the Rev. Mr. Douglas, in 1750.

\* Some weeks before the date of this letter, the archbishop was seized with a pleuretic fever, at Lambeth-house, which brought him to the brink of the grave; and by the great quantity of blood which he lost, (four-score ounces) his strength and spirits were so impaired, that though, on his retiring to Croydon, he did, in some measure,

time since I received it. My neglect has been owing to an attention to a course of life, where my hours are set and marked out to particular purposes, or taken up by the visits of my friends. Blessed be God for it, I have mended in my health since my first arrival here, and continue to mend gradually. In so acute a disorder as mine was, it was not to be expected, that I could jump into health, (jumping is too much for me) but I ought to be contented and thankful too, if I

sure, recover, yet, from that time, he might rather be said to languish than to live; declining, as far as possible, all public business, and seeing little company but his relations and particular friends. Once, indeed, the late princess of Wales did him the honour of breakfasting with him, and was received and entertained with that unaffected ease and politeness, for which his grace was so eminently distinguished.

K

can



can walk leifurely into it. I have for some time regained my natural rest, eat as well as a man can do, palled and fatigued with medicine, have no degree of a fever, and little or no cough ; but yet my lungs have not their proper tone, and mounting up stairs puts me a little to it.

I am sorry you have been so ill, and hope, when you favour me with another letter, to hear a better account of you. I had two phyficians \* added to

\* Dr. Shaw and Dr. Heberden. During this severe illness, count Zinzendorff had the enthusiastic effrontery to fend his grace a letter, in which, on account of his many Christian virtues, this bishop (or rather pope) of the Moravians not only wished him a perfect recovery, but also tendered him ghostly absolution, notwithstanding the “ great sin of omission,” of which he had been guilty. This letter the archbishop shewed to a friend, at the same time professing, that, though doubtless he had been guilty of many  
fins

Dr. Wilmot, but yet the doctor lost no reputation with me, for I have a high opinion of him.

I will take care of Mrs. Wright's\* poems when I go to Lambeth.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

sins in his life-time, both of omission and commission, he had no idea of the particular sin to which the count alluded. "Your grace, I perceive," replied this friend, "is not much acquainted with the writings and tenets of the Moravians: if you were, my lord, you must have known, that with them, the "great sin of omission" is celibacy. Your grace is a batchelor."

\* Sister to Mr. Wesley. Her poems were first printed separately in the Gentleman's Magazine, and though of a melancholy cast, have the genuine spirit of poetry.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Croydon-house, Nov. 5, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

**I**F I did not know you to be an honest man upon long experience, I should take you for a designing one. I return the inclosed \*, without any observations upon it, but that the compliment you convey, comes from a man, who, it is very plain, does not know me. Excess of praise has generally as little foundation, as excess of calumny.

I thank you for informing me of the author of Rusticus†. That letter

\* From a noble earl, since deceased.

† A letter so signed in "the World," vol. i. numb. 36.

had

had the united approbation of the readers here.

The new edition of Tate and Brady is not come out, that I know of. The emendations suggested were much approved of, but my authority to alter them, made a matter of some doubt; so the middle way was taken, of correcting the errors \*, not the imperfections.

I bless God, I am easy, and much the more so, for abiding here. If a perfect cure is to be effected upon me, it must be done by air and exercise, caution as to what I eat, and quiet, the great balm of life.

Your friend, Dr. Carter †, is grievously teased by folks, who call them-

\* In the edition of these psalms, 1737, there were above two hundred errors of the press.

† Minister of St. George's chapel, Deal, who



L E T T E R   XXXVII.

Croydon-house, Nov. 5, 1753.

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\* In the edition of these psalms, 1737, there were above two hundred errors of the press.

† Minister of St. George's chapel, Deal, who

felves "the orthodox." I abhor every tendency to the Trinity controversy. The manner in which it is always managed, is the disgrace and ruin of Christianity.

Your affectionate friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

had been presented, the year before, by one of the chapel-wardens, at the instigation, as it appeared, of the rector, for not reading the Athanasian creed. This gave rise to a controversy with that gentleman, which, as usual, was attended with much personal scandal.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Croydon-house, Nov. 25, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

A T last you will receive the very affecting and ingenious poems of Mrs. Wright, which were laid up with such peculiar care, that I could neither find them myself, nor give directions to any one else where to look for them.

I have heard nothing of the edition of Tate, which, you said, you would leave for me at Lambeth. If there is time, it shall be made proper use of; and, I am sure, thanks are most justly due to you on that affair\*.

\* Mr. Duncombe's corrections above-mentioned, (as appears from another letter, dated June 16, 1755) were sent by the archbishop to



I think, I lent our friend Hawkins Browne the poems published by Lauder; and, I think, he has not returned them; ask, when you see him. That strange man \* has sent me another volume of select authors, as he terms it, *Miltono facem prælucentium* †. I have read Masenius's ‡ *Sarcotis* ||, and, I know, it will please you. The sentiments are great, the versification very easy and harmonious, and I think the fiction very fine and poetical; so much so, that, were it not for the authority attached to a real divine story,

Mr. Richardson, (king's printer) for a new edition of Tate's psalms, then preparing.

\* Lauder.

† An accurate grammarian would not have used a neuter verb actively.

‡ Professor of rhetoric and poetry, in the Jesuits college at Cologne, in the year 1650.

|| The Incarnation.

as Milton treats it, I should doubt which method to prefer. If Milton ever read Masenius, he most certainly digested him.

I never read the letters you mention in your postscript; and, if you have them, I should like to receive them with the psalms. I mean the archbishop of Cambray's, and Monsieur de la Motte's\*.

Gilbert West brought me some ingenious essays of Psalmanazar's, just published, on the difficult miracles in the Old Testament, by way of solution of them†.

\* In another letter, (which does not appear) after perusing and returning them, his grace says, "The archbishop must have been a delightful correspondent." As every reader of taste must be equally pleased with them, they are added in the appendix, numb. vi.

† "These were chiefly written (as the author says) for the use of a young clergyman in the country,

I wish this Jew bill was got well rid of, (little better than the dispute about eating black-puddings \*) and that the

country, so unhappily unacquainted with that kind of learning, that he was likely to become the butt of his sceptical parishioners; but being, by this means, furnished with proper materials, was enabled to turn the tables upon them." Pſalmanazar died in June, 1763, aged 84, and in his will, and also in a posthumous narrative of his education, &c. acknowledged "the base and shameful imposture, of passing upon the world for a native of Formosa, and a convert to Christianity; as the account of that island, and of his own travels, conversion, &c. was all, or most of it, hatched in his own brain, without regard to truth and honesty."

\* In the debate in the house of commons on the repeal of this bill, the late lord Lyttelton (then Sir George) in answer to Mr. Potter, made use of the same allusion, by observing, that "a learned doctor (Delany) had written a book against eating blood, which, in his own opinion, he thought a matter of great indifference; but if it should so happen, that addresses against eating

legislature would seriously set themselves to stop those vices, under which the nation bleeds. I was startled at an assertion in the Inspector \* of yesterday, that more robberies and murders had been committed in the last seventeen weeks, than in the whole reign of queen Anne.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

ing blood should come up from the whole nation, he could not then think it a matter of indifference, because it ceased to be so by the consequences that attended it." See Tindal's continuation of Rapin, vol, xxi. p. 481. This bill passed in June, and, in compliance with popular prejudice, was repealed, as soon as the parliament met, in November.

\* By Dr. Hill.

L E T.



L E T T E R XXXIX.

Croydon-house, Dec. 20, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OUR observations on Boadicea\* are such as become your heart, but, I suppose, to the most material objections the author would say, (as Shakespear must in some instances,) that " he did not make the story, but

\* A tragedy, by Mr. Glover, then acting.  
" This piece (says Dr. Hawkesworth) is written with a sufficient regard to dramatic rules, and, in general, is such as a good critic might expect from the author of Leonidas. The thirteenth scene of the last act is extremely tender, and many circumstances of the distress are new."

told

told it as he found it." The first page of the play shocked me ; and the sudden and heated answer of the queen to the Roman ambassador's gentle address, is arrant madness ; it is, indeed, unnatural. It is another objection, in my opinion, that Boadicea is really not the object of crime and punishment, so much as of pity ; and, notwithstanding the strong paintings of her savageness, I cannot help wishing she had got the better. She had been most unjustly and outrageously injured, by those universal tyrants, who ought never to be mentioned but with horror. However, I admire the play in many passages, and think the two last acts admirable. In the fifth, particularly, I hardly ever found myself so strongly touched.

I shall be extremely pleased to see Mr. Browne in the efforts of his younger

ger years : I am delighted with him  
beyond expression, in the work of his  
maturer.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

LET-

LETTER XL.

Croydon-house, Jan. 3, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

THE inclosed \* verses did amuse me extremely. There is genius in them, and I wish his system at the end was as practicable, as it is fair and beautiful; for, I suppose, (notwithstanding our philosophy gives such high encomiums to free-will) that there is not a poor mortal, (were he to take his estimate from this life) but would have been glad to be placed in an unfinning obedience. But *Deo aliter visum*; and, perhaps, the thought

\* A hymn to the morning-star, by Mr. Richardson the painter. See it in the appendix, numb. vii.



of wishing it otherwise than it is, may be presumptuous.

I have had an obliging letter from Mr. Browne this morning. I have heard his poem much praised, and every thing dropped on the other side seemed to me low and cavilling. I should be glad to see the hundred lines you speak of, you may be sure\*.

I wish you, and all under your roof, many happy new-years.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* Viz. about 165 lines of a third book *De Animi Immortalitate*, which have been since published, as a fragment, in Mr. Browne's poems, p. 154, in which the author proposed to introduce and confute the principles of Hume and Bolingbroke.

LET-

## LETTER XLI.

Croydon-house, March 21, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OU sent me a very agreeable present\*, for which we all thank you, particularly a reading lady, who is enamoured with Sir Charles Grandison, and takes a pride in seeing justice done to the character of her sex. The whole of the poem is very ingenious, but I must separate the conclusion of it for particular commendation. I fancy your son, among other reasons, might have one good-natured one, in styling the poem the *Feminead*, viz. to wrest the term out of the hands of libellers, as the *Dunciad*, (that peevish

\* The *Feminead*, or Female Genius.

L

effort

effort of wit and inhumanity) the Eppicopade, and another \* *ade*, about the lawyers; and I cannot think of a single word so *apropos* to his design; but I could have wished he had found means to inscribe it to the good dutchess of Somerset †.

I hope the severity of the weather is going off, and that invalids may soon venture to quit the fire-side, and warm themselves at the sun.

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* The Causidicade.

† The friend and correspondent of Mrs. Rowe (when countess of Hertford) and mother to the present dutchess of Northumberland.

L E T.

## LETTER XLII.

Croydon-house, July 8, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OUR letters always call for my most early thanks; and, I am sure, I am obliged to you, for the partially kind regard, which you shew to me in your last.

If you read my sermons\*, you would wonder how you could be so

\* Dr. Herring's sermons at Lincoln's-inn chapel were received with the highest approbation by that learned and judicious society. They abounded with manly sense, were animated by the most benevolent principles, and adorned by his happy elocution and unaffected delivery. He seldom entered into the disputes canvassed among Christians, having observed that they more frequently exasperate than convince. But he explained and enforced, with the utmost clearness and warmth, the fundamental duties of the Christian life, which are so affect-



pleased with them from the pulpit, though I know, you retain the same good heart to me now, which you did then. I never printed a sermon but upon compulsion, except one \*. There is enough, and too much, of that sort of work. One may say, in some sense, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." Better discourses on morality cannot be had, than hundreds which the world is in possession of. If you never saw Burton upon Melancholy, printed 1676, I pray

tingly recommended in the gospel. Preface to archbishop Herring's seven sermons, p. vi.

The heads of a few of them, retained by memory, (the archbishop, in a languid moment, having condemned them all to the flames) are added in the appendix, numb. viii.

\* Viz. that preached at York, on occasion of the rebellion. His grace's fast-sermon, at Kensington, Jan. 7, 1747-8, seems also to have been printed voluntarily.

look

look into it, and read the ninth page of his preface, "Democritus to the reader\*." There is something there, which touches the point we are upon; but I mention the author to you, as the pleasantest, the most learned, and the most full of sterling sense. The wits of queen Anne's reign, and the beginning of George I.'s, were not a

† This passage is as follows: "Had I written positively in divinity, there be so many books in that kinde, so many commentators, treatises, pamphlets, expositions, sermons, that whole teemes of oxen cannot draw them: and had I beene as forward and ambitious as some others, I might have happily printed a sermon at Paule's Crosse, a sermon in St. Marie's, Oxon, a sermon in Christ-church, or before the right honourable, right reverend, right worshipfull, a sermon in Latin, in English, with a name, without, &c. But I have ever beene as desirous to suppress my labours in this kinde, as others have beene to press and publish theirs."

little beholden to him. Anthony Wood gives an account of him. \*.

\* Vol. i. p. 627. By this account the author, " Robert Burton, (alias Democritus junior) was student of Christ-church, Oxford, vicar of St. Thomas's in that city, and rector of Segrave in Leicestershire. This work has passed through many editions, being first printed in quarto, and afterwards several times in folio, to the great profit of the bookseller, who got an estate by it. 'Tis a book so full of variety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time, and are put to a push for invention, may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse or writing. Dying at or near the time which he had some years before foretold, from the calculation of his own nativity, several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves, that, rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven [strangely expressed] through a slip about his neck. [The same thing was said of Cardan.] He was buried [however] in the north isle of Christ-church cathedral, and over his grave was erected, by the care of his elder brother, William, (author of the " description of Leicestershire,")



As to what you ask about the psalms, I do not know that a new edition is preparing. They stand, as to authority, upon the king's permission, and, I suppose, when Brady and Tate made a new version, they had the same authority, and without that, I apprehend, no alterations can be made. As to a more perfect edition, any man, I presume, may print them, if he keeps clear of any other's property. I had a paraphrase of them in long verse, by Tipping Silvester and another, sent to me the other day. I want to know who these people are, and where to be

shire,") a comely monument, with his bust, painted to the life, on the right hand of which is the calculation of his nativity, and under the bust this inscription, made by himself: *Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus junior, cui vitam dedit, et mortem, Melancholia. Obiit id. Jan. A. C. MDCXXXIX."*



found. I thought some of the psalms done extremely well.

Your observations on the consequences of lord Bolingbroke's doctrine are assuredly very just. Surely, the constitution of mankind, and the express commands of God, are sufficient proofs of his moral attributes.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

LET.

## L E T T E R XLIII.

Croydon-house, Oct. 16, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

I Shall be very glad to see the work of your summer's meditation, and, if you desire it, will submit it to a friend's perusal; though I had rather be excused doing that, for the reason which you suggest, it being very likely, that the person I would chuse to trust may possibly engage in the cause himself. What you are about, is quite out of the way of the following reflection, which I am led to make by knowing, that several weak pens are at work upon Bolingbroke. I own, I have my fears on this head, that more harm may be done than good. Lord Bolingbroke, as you justly observe, is  
obscured

obscured in a cloud of unintelligible metaphysics, in many parts of his work is dark and obscure, and desultory throughout; has no consistent system; is most tiresomely long; his mischievous tenets, some of them absurd, (as the denial of final causes, &c.) and the poison of his book so diluted, that it cannot, I think, do much hurt. But if injudicious writers set themselves to extract the essence of it, and draw all his fire (an *ignis fatuus* as it lies) to a *focus*, the remedy should be very strong, and the operator an able chymist, to prevent its doing mischief. This work should not be trusted to bunglers.

Besides, the people in danger from lord Bolingbroke's writings, are the loose and the wits, who will never sit down to read grave and solid answers. Irony and joke, in the literary way, are the  
the

the only means to deal with him, and one cannot help wishing, that the age which produced lord Bolingbroke had produced such an antagonist-wit as Mr. Bayle was, who could render him ridiculous while he confuted him. Dr. Warburton, you see, attempts this\*; and, if he had more delicacy, it would be with more success. However, there are many excellent things in his second letter, and I think he has exposed his reasonings well upon the moral nature of the deity. Here your plan will coincide with him; and, though I know your heart and your talents, you will not be offended, if I say, that you will combat the better, for attacking in the armour of Cicero.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* In his "View of L. Bolingbroke's philosophy."

L E T-



LETTER XLIV.

Mr. Duncombe to Archbp. Herring.

Frith-street, Nov. 16, 1754.

MY LORD,

**T**HE argument of Balbus, &c. was left at Lambeth-house about a fortnight ago, and, I hope, is in your hands.

The objection arising from the ill morals of some who oppose lord Bolingbroke's principles, was made by a noble lord \*, a friend of his, who seemed satisfied with the answer given.

I suppose your grace could not overlook the compliment lord Bolingbroke pays you †, vol. i, p. 402.

\* The earl of Corke.

† The whole passage is as follows: "I will crayon out a picture in imitation of those which Cleanthes used to draw, when he disputed against the  
the

It is impossible to read that passage without a smile ; and yet, if Addison's observation be just, that " all legitimate wit must be founded on truth," that picture (though drawn with spirit) will not bear the test of her piercing light ; for the joys which the Christian religion promises, are of a pure and spiritual nature, not sensual ;

the partizans of volupty. Let all good Christians, to denote their goodness and the justice of God, be fat and jolly, like canons in the *Lutrin*. Let them be seated on thrones, with diadems on their heads, sceptres in their hands, and purple robes on their shoulders. Let the Virtues, like so many Cupids in Albano's pictures, run about the landscape, busy in the service of their masters. Let Justice lead the wicked like slaves, with retorted arms and downcast eyes, to their footstools. Let Temperance serve pyramids of ortolans and brimmers of Tokay on their tables. Let Moderation offer, and they receive, sacks filled with gold and silver, and baskets full of diamonds and rubies. In the midst and front of the piece, let  
the

and she is no more responsible for the misconduct of some of her professors, whether clergy or laity, than natural religion for the life and conversation of lord Bolingbroke.

If the chaff were to be winnowed from his principles, some good corn would be left in the van. His remarks on the usurpations of the bishops of Rome, and the scandalous abuse of absolutions and indulgences, are strong and just. His Meditation (vol. v, p. 389, and *seq.*) is, *ex hypothesi*, rati-

the great Lama of the East be placed on a higher throne than the rest, if it be sent to some Tartarean temple; his younger brother of the West, if it be sent to St. Peter's church at Rome; his grace of Canterbury, or my lord of London, if it be sent to St. Paul's; and Luther, or Calvin, if it be sent to any other religious assembly in these parts of the world." This, however, if it can be called "a compliment," seems paid rather to the station than to the man.

onal,

onal, I had almost said, pious. That Cicero really believed a future state, may be more probably collected, as Mr. Ross observes, from a short passage in one of his epistles, than from his philosophical works : *Tempus est nos de illâ perpetuâ jam, non de hâc exiguâ vitâ, cogitare. Ad Attic. x. 8.*

The view of lord Bolingbroke's philosophy, in the last Gentleman's Magazine, p. 475, was drawn up by Mr. Hawkesworth. It is right in the main, but, I think, not quite fairly stated in one or two articles.

I was pleased to see the criticism on Fitz-Osborn, (ib. p. 462.) by the same hand. *Nec lex est justior ulla, &c.*

I have lately commenced an acquaintance with a fellow of the Royal Society, Dr. Maty \*, a man of learn-

\* Now principal librarian of the British Museum.



ing and genius. He publishes every two months, at the Hague, *une feuille volante*, (as the French phrase it) entitled, *Journal Britannique*. He has continued it five years. In his last number, there is an ingenious elogium on Dr. Mead. The memoirs were communicated to him by Dr. Birch. In his 12th and 13th tomes, he has given an account of Mr. Lowth's lectures, *De sacrâ poesi Hebræorum*, and of Mr. Browne's Latin poem.

At the conclusion of his journal for Sept. and Oct. 1753, p. 239, where he gives a short account of the three volumes of Mr. Jortin's Ecclesiastical History, I find the following words:

“ Il suffira de copier ce que l'auteur en dit lui-même dans l'épître dédicatoire, pleine de force & de sentiment, qu'il adresse à ce prelat, aussi savant qu'aimable, qui, élevé à la première

mière place & de l'église & de l'état, se montre l'ami de tous ceux qui sont de la paix, de lettres, & de vertu."

One would imagine the doctor had been personally acquainted with this archbishop, by his drawing so true a picture of him. After quoting the passage, (which is indeed an excellent one) he concludes thus, "Le siècle, où un ecclésiastique tient ce langage, & où un archevêque l'autorise à le tenir, ne feroit il pas celui où la lumière doit se repandre, & la charité unir de nouveau tous les hommes?"

The doctor is in easy circumstances, and knows nothing of my mentioning his name here. He was born in the province of Utrecht.

I am, &c.

W. DUNCOMBE.

M

LET-

L E T T E R XLV.

Croydon-house, Nov. 17, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

**I** Return your papers, and beg your pardon for not doing it sooner; but, in very truth, I have not had time to peruse them 'till within these two or three days.

As to your translation, I have not compared it with the original, but, upon my best memory of that incomparable book, and by your exact choice of words, connected sense, and smoothness of periods and cadence, I believe you have done justice to the author.

What your own compositions carry with them, is extremely clear, and bears evident marks of good reasoning and an honest heart, very laudably apprehensive of mischievous consequences to religion, truly such, from  
the

the dissolute writings of this unhappy man; but whether, all things considered, it will be right for you to publish this piece, I have my doubts, and you shall have my reasons for them; they are but two.

1. The arguments of Lucilius are most unquestionably fine and striking; but of a sort, that have been carried so much further by our own philosophers; so much more minute and full, and applied to the objections of atheism, particularly by Mr. Boyle, Dr. Barrow, Mr. Ray, and others, that I think, after them, Cicero must come in for a second place, without any diminution of his character. He saw more than any of his time, but the philosophers I speak of, stood upon his shoulders.

2. As to the part of the book, which is, properly and strictly, your-



own, you will consider whether the argument is not already in very able hands; and whether, if you think fit to embark in the controversy, you should not strike into a larger and more extensive course of reasoning. I do not flatter you, when I say, that so far as you have gone, you have done well; and one thing I am sure of, from the specimen before me, that you will, if you go ever so far into the subject, keep up to candour and good manners, and such gravity, as becomes a serious man. When I said in my former letter, that "I was glad to find you disposed to combat with the arms of Cicero," I thought your purpose was to have interwoven your argumentations against Bolingbroke's works, with the translation of Lucilius, so that it should have appeared as one connected piece \*.

\* This argument, &c. having only appeared by

I wrote the second page of this letter yesterday, but was stopped. I have this morning received yours of the 16th instant, for which I would thank you, if your friendship for me did not carry you into so many polite ways of complimenting me; but as I do not mean to impeach your sincerity, but to check your good-natured zeal for me, I will still thank you. Indeed, I overlooked the passage you mention, whether it be compliment or irony. I have, on one occasion, some years ago, treated Bolingbroke with civility, of which he made a polite acknowledgment. But, as he appears now, I am equally unfeeling of his censure and his praise. Compliments from him would be the very reverse of *laudari a laudato viro*.

scraps in the Christian's Magazine, for 1763, is annexed in the appendix, numb. ix.

M 3

I am

I am quite in your way of thinking. I could, I think, form extracts from lord Bolingbroke, that would do honour to the human understanding; but the worst of it is, all those things are copied; he plays the Jesuit with them, and puts on the form of an angel, to do the work of the devil. He wrests the arms of our reformers out of their hands, and the artillery which they used against popery, he tries to turn against religion in general.

I do not often send you poetry, but I now inclose you a very old \* song, in simplicity of sentiment, not style, which, I am sure, will please you, whether you have or have not seen it before.

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* "Away, let nought to love displeasing,"  
&c. See it in Doddsley's collection, vol. iv.

## L E T T E R XLVI.

Croydon-house, Nov. 24, 1754.

DEAR SIR,

**I**T is very possible, that from the proofs I always receive of your candour, I may take too great a freedom, when you ask my opinion upon any thing; but I always speak as I think. Your additional note, which I return you, is a very good one. When I mentioned Barrow, I did not mean, that he had written, *ex professo*, on the subject of final causes, but that there are dispersed in his writings, many of the most convincing arguments of that sort; which, if I mistake not, appear more particularly in his sermons on “the duty of thanksgiving, industry, and the goodness of God.”

M 4

You



You did right, in assuring Mr. Thistlethwayte \* of an easy access to Lambeth-library; but, as † Hall is with me, he must apply himself to ‡ Dr. Foster, at Lambeth-house.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

\* Alexander Thistlethwayte, Esq; knight of the shire for Hants, who was then compiling a history of that county.

† The archbishop's librarian, afterwards treasurer of Wells, &c.

‡ One of his grace's domestic chaplains, prebendary of Bristol, &c. and the editor of Plato's select dialogues.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVII.

Croydon-house, Jan. 31, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

I Return \* your paper, with thanks for the perusal of it. I must convey my acknowledgments to you, for recommending *Le Spectateur Francois* †. I have read one volume of it with exceeding pleasure. The grave stories in it are most affecting, and the irony fine and innocent in all the papers of humour; and the whole is nature. He has, some how or other, placed a

\* Remarks (in MS.) on the *Adventurer*, vol. iii, numb. 91. See them in the appendix, numb. x.

† By Marivaux.

window

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window in every body's breast, and looked, perhaps, with too much penetration, into those of the ladies.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

Croydon-house, Jan. 25, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

I Thank you for your entertainment of the 13th instant, and return you most heartily my best wishes for every thing to you, which is truly estimable. Your judgment is right. Whitefield is Daniel Burges's *redivivus*; and, to be sure, he finds his account in his jocoserious addresses. The other \* author, in my opinion, with good parts and learning, is a most dark and saturnine creature. His pictures may frighten weak people, that, at the same time, are wicked, but, I fear, he will make few converts, except for a day. I

\* Mr. John Wesley.

have



have read his "Serious thoughts\*," but, for my own part, I think the rising and setting of the sun is a more durable argument for religion, than all the extraordinary convulsions of nature put together. Let a man be good

\* "On the earthquakes at Lisbon." If what the author had advanced in this pamphlet had been true, the earth, by the return of "the great comet," (as he calls it) in 1758, would have been set on fire, and burnt to a coal; as he affirmed that the comet, in this revolution, would move not only in the same line, but in the same part of the line, in which the earth moves. This strange mistake arose from Mr. Wesley's confounding the comet of 1682, whose period is 75 years, with that of 1680, whose period is 575 years, and applying, *totidem verbis*, what Dr. Halley says of the latter, which will not appear till 2255, and whose trajectory will coincide with the earth's orbit, to the former, which did appear in 1758, but never approached nearer to the body of the earth than four millions of miles.

on

on right principles, and then, *impavida* ferient ruinæ; so far Horace was as good a preacher as any of us. For my self, I own I have no constitution for these frights and fervors; and, if I can but keep up to the regular practice of a Christian life, upon Christian reasons, I shall be in no pain for futurity, nor do I think it an essential part of religion, to be pointed at for any foolish singularities.

The subjects you mention, of the Methodist preaching, are excellent in the hands of wise men, (not enthusiasts.) Religion, for the practice of the world, must be plain and intelligible to the lowest understanding. This is self-evident; and the gospel itself assures us, that "the love of God is keeping his commandments;" and what need we farther evidence? As to their notion, that men are by  
nature

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nature devils, I can call it by no other name than wicked and blasphemous, and the highest reproach that man can throw upon his wise and good Creator.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIX.

Croydon-house, June 22, 1756.

DEAR SIR,

YOU may be sure, if I had been in any good condition of health or spirits, you would not have been so long without thanks for your last kind letter. I continue extremely out of order; I think in a confirmed dropfy; and though, I am sure, Dr. Wilmot has done all, that art and friendship can do for me, I rather lose ground. I have now been near half a year in this dismal way, worse than the acutest pain, because of its duration; and every thing I take, feeds the distemper, at the same time it prolongs life; for

“ Ready oft the port t’obtain,  
I’m shipwreck’d into life again.

I know



I know who sent me hither, and  
how much it is my duty to attend his  
summons for a removal; but life is  
over with me; and I sometimes, in my  
airings, repeat two pretty lines of Par-  
nell,

“ But what are fields, or flow’rs, or air to me?  
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy’d with thee,  
O HEALTH!

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

LET-

LETTER L.

Croydon-house, Jan. 3, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you for a noble \* present, and, I am sure, you will approve my disposal of it, for it went this morning, accompanied with a parcel of wine, to colonel Canitz †, of the Hessians, who are quartered here. I would endeavour to have Croydon excepted out of the general reproach ‡. They shall have

\* A Yorkshire pye.

† His regiment was quartered at Croydon and Bromley.

‡ No provision being made by law for quartering foreign troops, the inn-keepers refused to lodge them, and they were obliged to build huts, and continue in camp till the 22d of December, 1756, when a bill for quartering them, &c. ha-

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ving

( 178 )

every accommodation I can procure  
them.

Your obliged and

assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

ving received the royal assent, their camp broke  
up, and they marched into quarters.

The archbishop died at Croydon-house on  
March 13 following, aged 64. "He was (says the  
earl of Corke) what a bishop ought to be, and  
is, I doubt not, where all bishops ought to be.  
Honour and reverence will attend his name  
while this world lasts: happiness and glory will  
remain with his spirit for ever."

In 1763, Mr. Duncombe collected, and pub-  
lished (in one volume 8vo.) "Seven sermons,  
on public occasions," which his grace had printed  
in his life-time.

APPEN.

# A P P E N D I X.

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N U M B E R I. Page 3.

To the Printer of the Whitehall Evening Post.

——— *Non si quid turbida Roma  
Eleuet, accedas.*

P E R S I U S.

March 30, 1728.

S I R,

**I**T has, I think, been generally agreed among moralists, that all public sports and entertainments should be so regulated, as to have a tendency to the encouragement of virtue, and the discountenancing of vice and immorality. The practice established by the

N 2

wisest



wisest legislators, who were sensible how great an influence plays and other diversions have on the minds of the populace, has been conformable to this salutary maxim. How shocking then would it have appeared to the venerable sages of antiquity, to have seen an author bring upon the stage, as a proper subject for laughter and merriment, a gang of highwaymen and pickpockets, triumphing in their successful villainies, and braving the ignominious death they so justly deserve; with the undaunted resolution of a Stoic philosopher? The courage expressed in the following lines would have become a Seneca or a Raleigh, but seems not so suitable to the character of a criminal:

“ The charge is prepar’d; the lawyers are met;  
 The judges all rang’d (a terrible show!)  
 I go undismay’d—for death is a debt,  
 A debt on demand—so take what I owe.”

The

The chief end of punishment is to prevent the commission of the like offences for the future ; and therefore all good subjects should endeavour, as far as they are able, to heighten the terror of the penalties annexed by the laws to flagrant crimes : but to place (on the contrary) these penalties in a ludicrous light, and to represent them as easy to be borne, and contemptible, is, in effect, blunting the edge of the civil sword, and opening the flood-gates (if I may so speak) to the most outrageous enormities. The mischief will be still farther promoted, if the lives of such abandoned wretches as robbers and street-walkers, are described as agreeable, and full of mirth and pleasure. How far a late celebrated entertainment may have contributed towards those daring attacks which are daily committed on

the property of the subject in the streets of our capital, in defiance of all law, and, I believe, beyond the example of former ages, I will not pretend to say; but, I am sure, nothing can be more likely to foment these violences, than such lines as these;

“ See the ball I hold !

Let the chymists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our lead to gold.”

The agreeableness of the entertainment, and its being adapted to the taste of the vulgar, and set to easy tunes (which almost every body can remember) makes the contagion spread wider, and the consequence the more to be dreaded. What Cicero says of the poets in general, may, with a little alteration, be more justly applied to the songs in vogue: *Ita sunt dulces, ut non tantum avidâ bibantur aure, sed etiam edis-*

*ediscantur. Sic ad malam disciplinam, vitamque dissolutam et effrænatam, cum accesserunt hujusmodi poetæ, nervos omnis virtutis elidunt.* I shall conclude with a very just observation of Mr. Addison, in the 249th Spectator: "If the talent of ridicule were to be employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but, instead of this, we find it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy, in human life."

P. S. Since the writing of the foregoing letter, a sermon has been preached in the chapel of one of our inns of court on the same subject. The judicious critic was there displayed, as well as the Christian orator. However this discourse may be ridiculed by the fluttering



tering beaux and belles of the town, I will be bold to say, that, as low as our morals are sunk, the clear reasoning, good sense, and manly rhetoric in it, will command the approbation of all persons of virtue and sobriety, who have so much thought and consideration as to attend to the consequences of things. It has been objected, that the subject was beneath the preacher's notice: to which it may be replied, in the words of Horace;

—*Hæ nugæ seria ducent  
In mala;*

And nothing which has a direct tendency to promote a general depravity of manners, can be thought unworthy the rebuke of a Christian divine.

To

To the Printer of the Whitehall Evening Post.

April 20, 1728.

S I R,

**I**T has been remarked, by an author of distinguished merit, “ that great part of the writings which once prevailed among us, under the notion of humour, are such as would tempt us to think there had been an association among the wits of those times, to rally legitimacy out of our island.” Spectator, numb. 525. It is matter of just grief to persons of sober reflection, to find the same petulant temper revived among us at present. But some of the writers now in vogue, trace out new paths to fame, unknown to their pious predecessors, who flourished in the reign of king Charles the Second.

Marriage,

Marriage, indeed, was then ridiculed, and the clergy placed in a contemptible light; but to chuse a highwayman for the hero of the drama, and to raise, not indignation or compassion, but mirth and laughter, by representing him on the stage, intoxicating himself with strong liquors, in order to *die hard*, as the felons phrase it; this is a new improvement, reserved to crown with bays a living bard! It were to be wished, for the honour of the British taste, that we could conceal from our polite neighbours abroad, the success this piece has met with. But (since that is impossible) let it be known, at the same time, there are some among us, who (though they allow its claim to low humour) have so much courage and honesty, as to protest against the plan or ground-work.

work of it as absurd, and of dangerous consequence.

If it be granted, that dramatic performances have any influence at all on the minds of the people, (which, I believe, was never yet doubted) it will follow, that an entertainment of this kind, where almost all the characters are vicious and criminal, and yet, by the poignancy of raillery and satire, joined to the charms of music, pleasing and delightful, and where the vilest principles are propagated in the most alluring manner; I say, such an entertainment must highly tend to corrupt and debauch the morals of the nation.—I beg leave to conclude with a memorable passage from the before-cited author, which, I wish, all who are concerned would seriously lay to heart: “ An author may write as if he thought there was not one man of honour,



honour, or woman of chastity, in the house, and come off with applause: for an insult upon all the ten commandments, with the little critics, is not so bad as the breach of an unity of time or place. Half-wits do not apprehend the miseries that must necessarily flow from degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the support of society. Sallies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth, in the recommendation of what is praiseworthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people." *Spectator*, No. 270.

NUMB. H. P. 9. .

TO EURYALUS\*.

On his coming of Age, Nov. 30, 1719.

*Hunc, Macrine, diem, numera meliore lapillo,  
 Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.  
 Funde merum Genio.*

PERSIUS.

SHine bright, O sun, and doubly gild the morn,  
 On which the lov'd Euryalus was born!  
 May no dark cloud obscure thy chearful ray,  
 Pure as his soul, and as his humour gay!  
 And you, dear youth, with wonted smiles attend  
 The timely counsel of your faithful friend.  
 To heav'n, as right demands, devote your bloom,  
 As morning incense wafts a rich perfume;  
 To no frail man a blind obedience pay,  
 But let sage Reason's voice your judgment sway.

\* Mr. John Carleton. This amiable young gentleman died in September, 1726, greatly regretted by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

As justice wills, allow to all their due,  
 And, spite of interest, to your word be true.  
 The poor, unask'd, with ready hand relieve,  
 And cordial counsel to th' afflicted give.  
 With manly fortitude your breast prepare  
 The roughest storms of chequer'd life to bear.  
 Be resolutely bold your sword to draw  
 In the defence of civil rights and law.  
 With Temperance to conduct you, take the way  
 That leads to death by unperceiv'd decay.  
 Let Prudence every thought and action guide  
 Between th' extremes of meanness and of pride.  
 Numbers each day by gaming are undone;  
 That fatal pest with timely caution shun.  
 Be not too free; with few your secrets share,  
 And chuse your friends with nice-discerning care;  
 But when their faith and merit you have try'd,  
 Let death alone the sacred band divide.  
 Weigh well the consequence with cool debate,  
 Before you quit the peaceful single state.  
 Let not a beauty's fascinating eyes  
 Your generous soul unwarily surprise;  
 Nor court th' applauded witling, ever prone  
 To sneer and scorn all merit but her own:  
 But chuse the fair, whom milder virtues grace,  
 And prize good temper more than wit or face.

Happy!

Happy ! who with each social charm can bind,  
In grateful chains, the pure untainted mind ;  
And, happy he, who, wishing not to roam,  
Still meets the source of every joy at home.  
Aim to promote the welfare of mankind ;  
Think life a gift for public good design'd.  
Thus shall no blot your reputation stain,  
And the whole man immortal glory gain.

W. D.

NUMB.



## NUM B. III. P. 14.

In Memoriam Viri clarissimi

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato sublatus acerbo,  
 Occidit Aonidum decus ille dolorque sororum!  
 Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit fors aspera, vates?  
 Quo fugis, ah! nostras nunquam rediturus in oras?  
 En! tibi ferali crinem cinxere cupresso,  
 Et circum cineres Parnassia numina lugent.  
 Ipsa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem:  
 Te patria exposcit, fecundæque criminis ætas.  
 Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes  
 Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuerunt sepulchro!  
 Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,  
 Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,  
 Diræusque volet superas tuus ales in auras.  
 \* Spernis trita sonans plectrum, tenuisque camenæ!  
 Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis  
 Mens rapit impavidum, cælique per ardua ducit.

\* Hæc & proxima alludunt ad sublimia illa poemata,  
 quibus tituli, *Hymnus ad Creatorem Mundi*, & *Ecstasis*.

Jama

Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedant;  
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.

At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,  
Sol, Luna, æterno meritis O! pangite laudes  
Auctori Dominoque; suis concussa tremiscat  
Sedibus, & magnum agnoscant natura parentem,  
Dum vates arcana, parum sententia vulgi  
Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit!  
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo  
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum spiritus ingens!

Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve cothurno.  
Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hostes,  
Quis non æquales toto sub pectore flammam  
Concipit, et simili laudis se vescit amare!  
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali  
Arte trahis faciles animos; seu pectora flecti  
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;  
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes.  
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non  
Sors tua sæva movet? madidi vesticulæ ocelli  
Quis neget? infauktos quis non deploret amores?  
O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus!  
At tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam  
Extrahit infixam Phocyas, tua flamma sagittam,  
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?  
Quis satis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?  
Quam piger ad pœnas, miserumque benignus in hostem!  
Exemplar vel Christiadis imitabile, mores  
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ  
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!

O

Sed

( 194 )

Sed quid ego plura hîc laudare nitentia pergam?  
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica surgit,  
Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.

Coll. Mert.  
Oxon.

L. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Author Obiit 26 Dec. 1730; Anno Ætatis 20.

NUMB.

NUM B. IV. P. 54.

EPILOGUE to CATO.

By Mr. BEACH.

For the Scholars at Wrexham, Christmas, 1735.

WELL, Sirs! what think you now of Cato's  
fate?

Say, was his exile pitiful or great?

Cæsar and he had quite a different notion;

Cato lov'd Rome, but Cæsar lov'd promotion:

And yet—were I the question to decide,

Cato, methinks, had better liv'd than died.

He might have told the emperor his own,

And with superior virtue aw'd the throne.

Besides—who knows what time and application

Might have effected tow'rds a restoration?

Britain at least has seen as strange a thing.

The rump depos'd to raise her lawful king!

So, tables turn'd, at Rome might matters jump,

To humble Cæsar, and restore the rump!

O 2

But



But oh! her generals, consuls, were no more,  
 And Cæsar triumph'd with a conqu'ror's power!  
 Hence was the patriot's breast with glory fir'd,  
 And on the tomb of Freedom he expir'd.  
 Those of our age are safe in this respect,  
 There is no fear th' example should infect:  
 Such acts of gallantry will never win 'em;  
 They have not yet so much of Roman in 'em.  
 Bankrupts and lovers may have sometimes try'd  
 Th' experiment for ease, and whining died:  
 But, for one's country, they to fall a pinking,  
 Is not so much the modern way of thinking.  
 But, jests apart, what Cato dar'd to do,  
 Was brave and generous in a heathen view;  
 His last, his dying sentiments may tell,  
 How just he reason'd, and how great he fell.  
 Our better fight restrains the horrid crime,  
 And bids us wait the Sovereign Ruler's time;  
 'Tis his to give command, or to permit,  
 'Tis ours, with humble patience, to submit.  
 In civil wars, or in domestic woes,  
 The sacred precepts should our minds compose;  
 Nor should we dare to antedate his will,  
 Whose royal mandate runs, "Thou shalt not  
 kill!"

What Cato faintly guess'd, we surely know,  
 To hold our hand, and check the fatal blow,  
That

That he, who meekly bears the ills of life,  
 Patient in suffering, and averse to strife,  
 Who with firm hope and trust on heaven relies,  
 Nor to unlawful means for succour flies,  
 " Though still by faction, vice, and envy cross'd,  
 " Shall find " his faith and patience" were not  
 lost."

DETERIORA SEQUOR.

N U M B. V. P. 125.

EXTRACT from the WILL of  
**ARCHBISHOP HERRING,**

Dated July 16, 1756.

“ **I** Give to the master and fellows of Corpus Christi college, in Cambridge, for the time being, the sum of one thousand pounds, Old S. S. annuity stock, intending it as my acknowledgment for favours conferred on my relations \*, and as my contribution towards rebuilding the said college; but I give it on this condition, that the said master and fellows do,

\* Three of them had been fellows of the college.

by

by sufficient bond, oblige themselves and successors to pay, by two even and equal half yearly portions, (to commence from the first quarter of the year after the said stock is transferred to their use) the annual sum of ten pounds to my butler, Edward Swallow, and, in like manner, the sum of other ten pounds to my coachman, Samuel Furze, during their respective natural lives \*. It is my farther meaning, as to the application of this legacy, that if, after the lapse of a competent number of years, no prospect arises of rebuilding the said college, that then the dividends and savings on the abovesaid stock be disposed of at the discretion of the master, in the necessary repairs of the Old House, or in acts of charity, such as helping poor

\* Both these have been dead some years.



scholars or decayed servants ; and that the master do give account, not subject to controul, at every annual audit, of the disposal of the dividends in the preceding year ; so that, except in the case of rebuilding the said college, the abovesaid stock, or an estate purchased therewith, at the discretion of the said master and fellows, be reserved and kept entire for ever \*.”

\* It has been kept entire, and being now much increased, will soon be applied, together with other benefactions and savings, towards the rebuilding of the college, on an elegant plan, drawn by Mr. Effex, of Cambridge. The college was founded in 1350.

NUMB. VI. P. 137.

L E T T E R S

Between M. de la MOTTE \*, and the Archbp.  
of CAMBRAY †.

*These letters, like those to which they are subjoined, may be considered as a happy model for a polite correspondence between men of learning, and in the amiable sweetness and simplicity of their manners, as well as in their taste and accomplishments, it might be easy to trace a resemblance between Fenelon and Herring.*

L E T T E R I.

To the Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

Paris, Aug. 28, 1713.

MY LORD,

I Have just now seen, in the hands  
of Mr. Abbè Dubois, an extract.

\* Anthony La Motte-Houdart was born at Paris in 1672. He was famous by his writings,  
and

from one of your letters, in which you condescend to mention me. It has given me an inexpressible joy, not without a mixture of pride, I must frankly confess. How is it possible to

and amiable in his manners: he had many friends, that is to say, people who were pleased with his company; but I was with him in his last moments, and saw him expire without a creature by his bed-side. This was in 1731. *Voltaire.*

† Francis de Salignac Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, was born at Perigord, in 1651. We have fifty-five different productions of his, all of which seem to come from a heart full of virtue, but his *Telemachus* especially inspires that virtue. He has been in vain condemned by Gaeudeville and the abbé Faidit. He died at Cambray, in 1715.

After the death of Fenelon, Lewis XIV. burnt, with his own hand, all the manuscripts which the duke of Burgundy had preserved of his preceptor's. Ramsay, who was brought up under this celebrated prelate, wrote to me in these words: " Had he been born in England, his

avoid it, when one receives praise from a man so praise-worthy and so highly applauded as you are? I recovered from it, my lord, by telling myself, you were willing to give me instructions under the form of encomiums, and that your only design was to encourage me. This, indeed, is too much for you, my lord, and I thank you for it with as much gratitude as zeal to improve myself. I shall always propose to myself your suffrage both in my conduct and writings, as the highest reward to which I can aspire. I am very sorry I did not receive the letter you did me the honour to write to me; I cannot,

his genius would have discovered itself more strongly, and he would, without fear, have given full scope to his principles, which no one was acquainted with. *Voltaire.*

how-



however, think myself unhappy on that account, since this accident has procured me a new attention from you, on which I know how to set a just value. Be so good, my lord, to continue those favours, which, since I have experienced them, are become necessary to me.

I am, with the most profound respect, and the utmost zeal, my lord,

Your most humble, and

most obedient servant,

De La MOTTE.

LET-

L E T T E R II.

To Mr. De La M O T T E.

Cambray, Sept. 9, 1713.

S I R,

**T**HE words which were read to you are not compliments, but the real dictates of my heart. It would still unfold itself more to you, with great pleasure, if I were able to converse freely with you. It is in your power to do more and more honour to French poesy by your works; but this poesy, if I am not mistaken, still requires some things, for want of which it is a little confined, and has not all the harmony of Greek and Latin verses. I dare not be positive on this subject; but I imagine if I were  
to

to propose my doubts to you in conversation, you would unravel what I could but half explain. I have been told, that you are going to publish a translation of Homer in French. I shall be charmed to see so great a poet speak our language. I doubt not the fidelity of the version, nor the magnificence of the verse. Our age will be obliged to you for acquainting it with the simplicity of the ancient manners, and the native beauty with which the passions are described in this kind of picture. This undertaking is worthy of you; but as you are capable of attaining to what is original, I could wish you had written a new poem, in which you might have mingled instructions with strong paintings. I had rather see a new Homer in you, whom posterity may translate, than see you the translator of Homer himself. You per-

perceive I entertain a high opinion of you ; it is, indeed, no more than your due. Judge hereby, if you please, of the great esteem, of the pleasure and strong affection, with which I am determined to be, as long as I live,

Sir, entirely yours,

Fr. Ar. Duke of Cambray.

LET



L E T T E R III.

To the Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

Paris, Dec. 14, 1713.

MY LORD,

**I**T is done.—I rely on your benevolence, and I have had a full proof of it in the letter you did me the honour to write to me. Therefore, my lord, you shall experience, if you please, all my sincerity; I will not, in the least, disguise my thoughts. You have been told, that I am going to publish a translation of the Iliad in French verse, and you expect, as it seems to me, much fidelity; but I must freely own, I did not think that a faithful translation of the Iliad could be entertaining in French. I found every where, at least with respect to  
our

our times, great faults joined with great beauties ; so that I have contented myself with a very free imitation, and have even ventured sometimes to be altogether original. I do not, however, think that I have altered the sense of the poem ; and, though I have very much abridged it, I have endeavoured to give the whole action, and all the characters. It is a favourable prejudice for me, (not that I hereby pretend to bias your grace's judgment) that having already repeated five or six books of it in the public assemblies of the French academy, some of the members of it, who are best acquainted with the original, congratulated me upon it with all the marks of sincerity. They even commended me for fidelity in my boldest imitations ; either because that, not having the Iliad at

P

hand,

hand, they thought they found it in my verses; or that they considered as fidelity even the liberties I have taken, in order to render this poem as agreeable, if possible, in French as it is in Greek. I will not, my lord, enlarge any farther, because the poem is now in the press. You will shortly judge of the conduct I have observed, and of my reasons, whether good or bad, an account of which I have given in a pretty long preface. Condemn, my lord, or approve, it is the same to me, since I am sure of your benevolence. Suffer me to ask your sentiments on French poetry. I perceive, indeed, some faults in it, particularly a monotony a little tiresome, especially in our Alexandrine verses; but how it can be avoided I know not, and shall be highly obliged if you will condescend

to

to communicate to me some of your  
discoveries on this subject.

I am, with the most profound and  
most affectionate respect,

My lord,

Your most humble, and

most obedient servant,

De La MOTTE.

P 2

LET.



L E T T E R IV.

To Mr. De La MOTTE.

Cambray, Jan. 26, 1714.

S I R,

**I** Have just read you with a sincere pleasure. The strong affection, with which I am prejudiced for the author of the new Iliad, has made me jealous of myself. I was fearful lest I should be partial in your favour, and have given myself up to a scrupulous criticism against you; but I was forced to acknowledge your hand entire, in a kind of poetry almost new with respect to you. I cannot, however, conceal my thoughts from you. My remark falls on our versification, and not at all on your performance. It is this, that the verses of our odes, where the rhymes are inter-

terwoven, have a variety, a grace, and a harmony in them, which our heroic verses cannot equal. The latter fatigue the ear by their uniformity. The Latin has an infinite variety of inversions and cadences. The French, on the contrary, scarce admits any inversion of phrase. It always proceeds methodically by a nominative, a verb, and the case governed by it. Rhime clogs verses more than it adorns them. It often makes the diction unnatural and full of vain ornaments. By prolonging the sense, it weakens it. A superfluous verse is frequently added, in order to introduce a good one. It must be owned, that the severity of our rules has made our versification almost impossible. The long verses are almost always either flat or rugged. I own my false delicacy; what I here offer, is rather my confession than a

censure of French poetry. I ought to condemn myself, when I find fault with the best things in it.

Lyric poetry seems to me to have the most beauty in our language. You must be pleased to hear it applauded, for it does great honour to you.

*Totum muneris hoc tui est,  
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium,  
Romanæ fidicen lyræ :  
Quod spiro, & placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.*

But let us proceed from French versification to your new poem. You are charged with having too much wit. Homer, they say, has abundantly less. You are accused of shining perpetually by lively and ingenious strokes. This, indeed, is a fault which a great number of authors envy you. May he be without it, who desires it ! Your party conclude from  
this

this accusation, that you have surpassed the Greek poet. *Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.* They say, that you have corrected the places where he nods. For my part, who hear at a distance the shouts of the combatants, I content myself with saying,

*Non nostrum, inter vos tantas componere lites;  
Et vitulâ tu dignus, & hic. —*

This civil war of Parnassus does not alarm me. Emulation may produce happy effects, provided we do not proceed so far as to condemn the taste of the ancients on the imitation of simple nature, on the inviolable observation of different characters, on harmony, and on sentiment, which is the soul of discourse. Whatever becomes of the ancients and moderns, your rank in the party of the latter is settled.



*Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ ;  
 Ut gregibus tauri ; segetes ut pinguibus arvis ;  
 Tu decus omne tuis.*

For what remains, I share in the just mark of his esteem, which the king has lately given you. I rejoice more upon this account than upon yours. By providing for your necessities, he lays you under an obligation to labour for his glory. I wish you may equal the ancients in this labour, and that you may be able to say with Horace,

*Nec si plura velim, tu dare deneges.*

It is with a sincere and high esteem that I shall be, the remainder of my life,

Sir,

Your most humble, and

most obedient servant,

Fr. Ar. Duke of Cambray.

LET.

## L E T T E R V.

To the Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

Paris, Feb. 15, 1714.

**H**OW, my lord? you were fearful  
 lest you should be partial in my  
 favour! And you would have me be-  
 lieve it! I am so thoroughly sensible of  
 this happiness, that nothing less than  
 your approbation could increase it. I  
 have nothing farther to desire, but the  
 honour and pleasure to see and converse  
 with you, of which, however, I can  
 scarcely entertain a hope. How delight-  
 ful would it be to me, to communicate  
 to you all my sentiments, to listen gree-  
 dily to yours, and to learn beneath your  
 eyes to think justly! I even perceive,  
 (your indulgence gives me so much  
 confi-

confidence) that I should sometimes dispute with you; and that, half-persuaded, I should give you, by my solicitations, the pleasure of convincing me entirely. I know not why I form to myself this pleasure, for I pay an absolute deference to every thing you allege against French versification. I confess, the Latin has great advantages over it. The freedom of its inversions, its different measures, and even the absence of rhyme, give it a variety, which is wanting in ours. But the misfortune is, there is no help for it; and nothing is left for us, but to conquer, by the force of labour, the difficulties which the severity of our rules lays in the way of correctness and just expression. It seems to me, that a very sensible pleasure arises to the reader from these difficulties themselves, when they are conquered.

When

When he perceives that the rhyme has not cramped the poet; that the tyrannical measure of the verse has not introduced expletives; that one verse is not made for another; and, in a word, that every thing is significant and natural; there is then joined to the pleasure arising from the beauty of the thought, an agreeable surprise that no grace is lost by the constraint of verse. It is almost wholly in this, in my opinion, that the charm of verse consists; and therefore, I believe, that poets cannot be rightly relished, but by those who have, like them, a poetical genius. As they perceive the difficulties better than others, they are more favourable to the imperfections which they occasion, and are likewise more sensible of the art which surmounts them. As to the versification of odes, I likewise agree with you,

that



that it is more agreeable and more diversified; but I do not think it would be proper for narration. As every stanza ought to end with something lively and ingenious, that would necessarily introduce affectation in several places; and besides, those sorts of couplets, always equally cadenced and divided, would, in a long poem, at last degenerate into a monotony no less tiresome than that of our heroic verses. I refer it to you, my lord, for you shall be my judge, and I will have no other in the dispute I may perhaps be obliged to maintain concerning my work. "This war, which you foresee, does not alarm you, provided," say you, "that we do not proceed so far as to condemn the taste of the ancients." Is it possible, my lord, ever to condemn it? Whatever we do, they will always be our masters. It is by the frequent  
examples

examples which they have given us of beauty, that we are able to discover and avoid their faults; in the same manner as the new philosophers are obliged to the method of Descartes for the art of confuting him. Allow us a respectful enquiry and a modest emulation, and we desire nothing farther. Not to mention the praises you are pleased to give me, I content myself with admiring in them the application you make of passages from the ancients, more ingenious than the passages themselves. This will be a new motive of emulation to me; and if I should hereafter write any thing that pleases you, be assured, my lord, that this motive will have a large share in it. I am, for all my life, with the most respectful attachment, my lord,

Yours, &c.

De La MOTTE.

LET.

## LETTER VI.

To the Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

Paris, April 15, 1714.

MY LORD,

**I** Have received new testimonies of your benevolence, by the person whom I took the liberty to recommend to you. I am still equally sensible of it, though I am less surpris'd; for I know that consistency of sentiments is the property of a soul like yours; and since you have begun to wish my welfare, you cannot discontinue it, unless I should render myself unworthy of it; which I think impossible, if I have nothing to fear but from the faults of the heart. I think myself obliged to give you a sincere account of the success of my Iliad. The inveterate opinion

nion of the infallible merit of Homer has stirred up some commentators against me, whom I shall always respect for what is valuable in them. They cannot digest any remarks, where we do not, like them, lift up our hands in admiration of the marvellous; and because I do not allow that Homer is always rational, they smartly conclude, that I am never reasonable. To deal frankly with you, my lord, you have contributed a little to spoil them: one of your works\*, where they discover some small imitation of Homer, supplies their prejudice with new arms. They believe, that all its beauty, and all its perfection, arise from some strokes of resemblance to the Greek poem; whereas those strokes themselves owe their value

\* Telemachus.



to the choice which you make of them, to the place where they are introduced, and to that crowd of original beauties with which they are always accompanied. The proof of my sentiment (for I think, my lord, it is proper to prove your superiority to you yourself,) is, that notwithstanding the ancient manners, which are always alleged as the cause of our unjust distastes, your pretended imitation is read every day with new pleasure by all sorts of persons ; whereas the *Iliad* of Madam Dacier, though elegant, falls from our hands in spite of ourselves, unless a kind of idolatry for Homer revives our zeal. Nay, I am inclined to think, that you yourself, with that enchanting style peculiar to you, would not succeed in making the *Iliad* read in French with pleasure, without lending it a good deal of your own.

own. I, my lord, have also my partisans. You know, perhaps, that Father Sanadon\*, in his oration, did me the extravagant honour of associating my praises to yours. Father Porée†, his colleague, subscribed to his approbation; and I could likewise name several other learned men to you, if I did not fear that my pretended simplicity might be thought pride; as, perhaps, it really may be. The critics have hitherto only spoken against me. What I have heard of their discourses

\* The editor of Horace.

† Charles Porée, born in Normandy, in 1675, a Jesuit, one of the few professors that have been known to, and admired by, the world in general: his eloquence resembles that of Seneca: he was a poet and a wit; but his chief excellence and merit was making learning and virtue appear amiable to his pupils. He died in 1741.—  
*Voltaire.*

Q

does

does not seem to me solid. I know not whether they will do me the honour to write against my sentiments; but I expect them without fear, entirely determined to submit myself to reason with pleasure, and likewise to defend the truth with all my force. Is it not great pity, my lord, that there is scarce any courage and candour among men of letters? They slavishly copy one another; and, more fond of their reputation than of the truth, they are less solicitous of what they ought to say, than of what will be said of them. If they sometimes oppose one another, it is still worse. They contend not for truth, but for victory; and scarce any one has the courage to submit to the conclusive arguments of another. For my part, my lord, who am nothing in the learned world, I flatter myself, that I have better intentions,

tions, which would be better employed with more capacity. I make it a law to myself, to say upon every subject what I think, after having seriously considered it; and I shall always think myself sufficiently recompensed for having been contemned, by the honour of owning my error, whoever it be that shews it to me. Behold, my lord, a lecture of morality. I ask your pardon for it; but I offer it here, only to lay myself under the stronger obligation before you, to observe it when occasion offers.

I am, with the most profound respect, and an equal attachment,

My lord,

Your most humble, and  
most obedient servant,

De La MOTTE.

Q<sup>d</sup>

LET.



L E T T E R VII.

To Mr. De La MOTTE.

Cambray, May 4, 1714.

S I R,

**T**HE letter you did me the favour to write to me, is very obliging; but it too much flatters my self-love; and I conjure you to spare me. For my part, I am going to answer you on a matter now in debate, in a manner, which, if I am not mistaken, will shew you my sincerity.

I do not blindly admire every thing which comes from the ancients. I think them very unequal. Some of them are excellent. Even those who are so, have the mark of humanity, which is, to have some remains of imperfection. I even imagine, that if  
we

we had lived in their times, the exact knowledge of the manners and of the ideas of different ages, and of the utmost refinements of their languages, would have made us perceive faults, which we cannot now discern with certainty. Greece, among so many authors who have had their beauties, shews us, above others, but one Homer, one Pindar, one Theocritus, one Sophocles, one Demosthenes. Rome, which has had so many valuable writers, affords us but one Virgil, one Horace, one Terence, one Catullus, one Cicero. We may take Horace's word for it, when he confesses, that Homer is in some places a little negligent. \*

The religion and the manners of Homer's heroes had, no doubt, great faults.

Q 3

\* *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

faults \*. Those faults must naturally offend us in the paintings of that poet: but I except from them the lovely simplicity of the growing world. That simplicity of manners, so remote from our luxury, is not a fault; but our luxury is a very great one. Besides, a poet is a painter, who ought to copy nature, and observe all the characters.

I am of opinion, that the men of all ages have had almost the same fund of wit, and the same talents, as the plants have had the same juice and the same virtue. But I believe that the Sicilians, for example, were fitter for poetry than the Laplanders. Moreover, there have been some countries, where the manners, the form of government,

\* His railing heroes, and his wounded gods,  
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.

*Lord Roscommon.*

and

and the studies have been more suited than those of other countries, to facilitate the progress of poetry. Thus the manners of the Grecians formed poets much better than those of the Cimbri and Teutons. We are scarce recovered from an astonishing barbarism. The Grecians, on the contrary, had a very long tradition of politeness, and of the study of the rules, as well concerning works of wit, as upon the elegant arts.

The ancients have avoided the shelf of witty points, on which the modern Italians have fallen, whose contagion has been a little felt by several of our writers, otherwise of distinguished merit. Those among the ancients who have excelled, have painted simple nature with strength and beauty. They have observed the characters; they have caught harmony; they have



known how to employ properly both sentiment and passion. This is an original merit.

I am charmed with the improvements, which a small number of authors have made in our poetry; but I dare not enter into the particulars, for fear of praising you to your face. I am afraid, Sir, of offending your delicacy. I am the more affected with what we have exquisite in our language, because it is neither harmonious, nor diversified, nor free, nor bold, nor proper for lofty flights; and our scrupulous versification renders fine verses almost impossible in a long poem.

In declaring to you my thoughts with so much freedom, I pretend not either to reprove or contradict any one. I declare historically what my taste is, as a man at an entertainment simply  
says,

says, that he likes one dish better than another. I condemn not the taste of any man, and allow any one to condemn mine. If the good-breeding and the discretion essential to the welfare of society require that men should mutually tolerate one another, in the variety of opinions, which they entertain about the most important concerns of human life; with much more reason ought they to suffer, without difficulty, a diversity of sentiment concerning subjects, which very little affect the happiness of mankind. I am very sensible, that in giving an account of my taste, I run the risk of displeasing the passionate admirers both of the ancients and moderns; but, without designing to offend either the one or the other, I submit myself to the censures of both parties.

My

My conclusion is, that we cannot too much commend those moderns, who make great efforts to surpass the ancients. So noble an emulation promises fair. I should think it dangerous, if it went so far as to condemn the study of those great originals. But nothing is more useful than an attempt to rival what is most sublime and pathetic in them, without falling into a servile imitation of those places, which may be less perfect, or too remote from our manners. It is with this liberty, that Virgil has followed Homer.

I am, Sir, with the most sincere and cordial esteem,

Your most humble, and

most obedient servant,

Fr. Ar. Duke of Cambray.

L E T.

LETTER VIII.

To the Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

Paris, Nov. 3, 1714.

MY LORD,

I Have too long deprived myself of the honour of your conversation : give me, I beseech you, a moment's audience. I have read several of your works ; and you will permit me, I hope, to give you an account how I have been affected by them. Mr. Destouches has read to me a great many of your letters, by which I perceived how delightful it is to be loved by you ; the heart there speaks in every line, and wit is blended with simplicity and affection. Your admonitions always smile, without losing any thing of their strength ; they please  
as



as much as they convince; and I would willingly give up the most delicate praises, for censures so tempered by friendship. Mr. Destouches must have told you, how much we love you, whilst we are reading your letters; and how much I love him, for having deserved so great a share in your heart—I pass to the discourse which you sent to the French academy. All were equally charmed with the just ideas which you give of every thing; it is peculiar to you, to join so much solidity with so many graces: but I must tell you, that, with regard to Homer, each party flattered itself with having your suffrage. You make Homer a great painter; but you pass sentence of condemnation on his gods and his heroes. In truth, if, by your confession, his gods are not equal to our fairies, nor his heroes to our knights-errants,

errants, what will become of a poem filled with those characters? Notwithstanding the talent of painting, which with you I acknowledge in Homer; is not reason shocked every moment by ideas which it cannot avow, and which, both from the mind and heart, meet with a double obstacle to approbation? I will make no apology for the freedom I take; I have vowed to proceed thus with you the rest of my life; and, I am sure, you will love me the better for it.

I send you the discourse which I pronounced to the academy on the day of the distribution of the prizes. I was director. I thought myself obliged to discuss a subject, which, one would think, should have been mentioned from the first distribution; nevertheless, it has been omitted for fifty years: I have seized upon it as abandoned  
goods,

goods, belonging to the place in which I was. The discourse seemed to me to be generally approved; but I refer myself to your judgment, and depend on your pointing out the faults which may have escaped me.

I am, with the most profound respect,

My lord,

Your most humble, and

most obedient servant,

De La MOTTE.

LET

## LETTER IX.

To Mr. De La MOTTE.

Cambray, Nov. 22, 1714.

S I R,

EVERY one paints himself in his writings, without designing it. Your letter, which I received at my return from a journey, resembles the description I have heard of your person. It is a picture drawn by a good hand, and gives me a real desire to see the original. Your conversation must be still more amiable than your writings; but Paris with-holds you. Your friends contend who shall have you; and they are in the right. I cannot hope for you, in my turn, unless Mr. Destouches will arrest and bring you with him.

*Omitte*



*Omitte mirari beatæ  
Fumum, & opes, strepitumque Romæ :  
Plerumque grata divitibus vices.*

We would keep you here as the knight-errants were wont to be detained prisoners in enchanted castles. In plain truth, you should be as free here as at home, and no less beloved than among your old friends. I should be charmed to hear you reason as justly upon the most difficult questions in divinity, as upon the most refined embellishments of poetry. You know how to transform the poet into a divine; I have a proof of it before me. On the one hand, you have awakened an emulation for the prizes of the academy, by a discourse, containing a very judicious criticism, elegantly turned; and, on the other, you refute, in a few words, in the letter which I preserve, a very false and very dangerous notion  
of

of free will, which in our days imposes on several men of wit.

For what remains, Sir, I find myself happier than I expected. Is it possible I should give content to the champions, both of the ancients and moderns; I, who so much apprehended I should offend both? This tempts me to suspect, that I am not far from the just medium, since each of the two parties does me the honour to suppose I enter into his real sentiments. I could wish for nothing better, being far remote from the spirit of censure and partiality. Once more I give up the gods and heroes of Homer without difficulty; but that poet did not make them; he was obliged to take them as he found them. Their faults are not his. The world, plunged in idolatry, and without philosophy, afforded him only such gods as

R

dispo-

dishonoured the deity, and such heroes as were scarce honest men. It was this want of solid religion and chaste morality, which made St. Augustine say of this poet, *Dulcissimé vanus est—humana ad deos transferebat*. But, in short, poetry, like painting, is an imitation. Thus Homer attains the true end of his art, when he represents objects with beauty, force, and vivacity. The discreet and learned Poussin\* would have painted Guesclin and Bouchicaut plain, and covered with iron,

\* Nicholas Poussin, born at Andelis in Normandy, in 1599. Nature gave him a genius for painting, which he improved at Rome. He is called the painter of men of sense; with equal justice may he be denominated that of men of taste. His only defect is, his heightening the dismal and solemn in the colouring of the Roman school. He was the greatest painter in Europe in his time. He was invited from Rome to Paris, but was forced to give way to envy and cabal,



while Mignard \* would have painted the courtiers of the last age with ruffs or high collar-bands, or with cannons, plumes of feathers, embroidery, and curled hair. We must observe truth, and copy nature. Even those fables, which resemble the stories of fairies, have something in them, which pleases the gravest men. We forget our years, and willingly return to childhood, to read the adventures of † Baucis and Philemon, of ‡ Orpheus and Eury-

cabal, and to withdraw, as many other ingenious men have done. He went back to Rome, where he lived poor, but contented, his philosophy enabling him to despise the frowns of fortune. He died in 1665. *Voltaire.*

\* Peter Mignard, born at Troyes, in Champagne, in 1610. He rivalled Le Brun sometime in reputation; but he is now considered as much below him. He died in 1695. *Ditto.*

† Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book viii.

‡ Virgil's *Georgics*, book iv.



dice. I confess that Agamemnon has a rude arrogance, and Achilles a brutal fierceness. But these characters are but too true, and too frequent. It is proper to paint them, to correct the manners. We take pleasure in seeing them drawn strongly with bold strokes. But as for the heroes of romances, there is nothing natural in them; they are false, flat, and insipid. How should we range on this subject, if Cambray should ever possess you? A mild dispute would enliven the conversation.

*O noctes, cœnæque diuûm, quibus ipse meique  
Ante larem proprium vescor——*

*Sermo oritur, non de villis, domibusve alienis——*

*—— Sed quod magis ad nos*

*Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne  
Diuitijs homines, an sint virtute beati?*

You

You should sometimes sing a song,  
inspired by Apollo.

*Tùm verò in numerum Faunos, ferasque vidères  
Ludere, tùm rigidas motare cacumina quercus.*

I am

Your most humble, and

most obedient servant,

Fr. Ar. Duke of Cambray.

R 3

LET.

LETTER X.

To the Archbishop of CAMBRAY.

Paris, Dec. 18, 1714.

MY LORD,

**T**HE resolution is taken—I will surrender myself to Mr. Des-touches, whenever he will take charge of me, and deliver myself up to the enchantments of Cambray. You promise me freedom and friendship. I shall make so much use of each of them, that perhaps I shall be troublesome to you. I shall engage you to discourse of every thing, which it concerns me to know ; and shall not blush to discover to you all my ignorance, since friendship obliges you to instruct me.

As

As to the affair of Homer, I think, my lord, it is almost brought to an issue between us. All I have pretended is, that the absurdities of Paganism, the grossness of the age in which he lived, and the want of philosophy have caused him to commit several faults. You agree to this: and I also agree, that these are the faults of that age, rather than of Homer. You likewise adopt the judgment of St. Augustine concerning Homer. He says of this poet, that "he is very agreeably frivolous." "The frivolous" respects the matter; "the agreeable" relates, in part at least, to the language. Since, therefore, my censures never go beyond the subject, you see I do not differ from St. Augustine and you. But, my lord, as a mild dispute is the soul of conversation, I expect, indeed, when

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I shall



I shall have the honour to converse with you, that I shall awaken some little debates on this subject. I shall tell you, for instance, that Homer was in the wrong, to give so vicious a man as Achilles such shining qualities, that we admire more than we hate him. To interest the passions of his readers for wicked men, is, in my opinion, to lay a snare for their virtue. You will answer me. I shall reply. The subject will be cleared; and I foresee, with pleasure, the dispute will always end with my conviction. We shall pass from this to more important matters. Reason will address me by your mouth; and you will perceive, by my attention, whether I love her.

I am, my lord, with the highest respect and veneration,

Yours, &c.

De La MOTTE.

NUMB.

NUMB. VII. P. 143.

## HYMN to the MORNING-STAR.

By Mr. RICHARDSON.

PERMIT me, \* fairest planet, while I gaze,  
 By thee my thoughts beyond thy sphere to raise;  
 Beyond thy kindred planets, far away  
 To worlds remote, and everlasting day;  
 To him, on whom unnumber'd systems call,  
 Ev'n highest angels, to the *All in All*.

Lord of the dawn, nor perfect day, nor night,  
 I joy to view thy mild, yet piercing light;  
 Pride of the morning! quickly will appear  
 A fiercer beam, but not so pure, so clear;  
 Thy sprightly rays peculiar charms bestow,  
 Distinct from all, our mortal sense can know;  
 Yet inoffensive; influences sweet  
 Flow hence, not pestilence, nor scorching heat;  
 No thunder to be heard, no storms to rage,  
 Quiet the ocean as the golden age:  
 Brightest next thee, this cannot Sirius boast,  
 And can Orion? ask the frighted coast.

\* *Sit mibi fas*—Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Sweet

Sweet harbinger of day! Leucothoe smiles,  
 Spreading her paleness o'er the eastern isles;  
 Aurora's kindly brightness will not stay;  
 Their floating manes the rosy steeds display,  
 Her golden car is trolling on the way;  
 O linger yet, ye goddesses, forbear,  
 I longer would enjoy my lovely star:  
 Too soon you call Apollo from his rest;  
 His chariot's not prepar'd, nor horses dress;  
 I rather would my Phosphorus behold,  
 His diamond lustre, than Apollo's gold.  
 Pride of the dawn, pour forth thy kindest rays,  
 While I thy beauty and thy goodness praise!  
 Thou lead'st the morning with soft pace along,  
 Inspiring nature's universal song;  
 \* Tho' moist with roseat dew, nocturnal air,  
 Bright are thy locks, thy countenance is fair;  
 With joyous eyes and souls refresh'd we see  
 Thy face, O Phosphorus, and welcome thee.  
 The winter's ravages thou view'st secure,  
 Pitying the various ills that men endure;  
 Delight'st to see the fragrant blooming spring,  
 To listen when the woods awake and sing;  
 Pleas'd to behold the rip'ning fruit and grain,  
 The fanning zephyrs, and refreshing rain;

\* *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ.* Virg.

On

On the smooth lake to cast thy parting beam,  
 Or dance upon the river's curling stream;  
 Thy face reflected on their glass to view,  
 If not obstructed by the rising dew;  
 But when the sweetest season's past, and keen  
 The froward east, thy rays are brighter seen.

When thousand thousand stars adorn the sky,  
 Apollo distant, nor Diana nigh,  
 On the dim azure all but feebly shine,  
 All modestly their beauties veil to thine;  
 The dawn appears, and now the drowsy day  
 Steals on, with gentle hand, his mantle grey;  
 The starry host by troops, though slow, retire,  
 All fade and die before the rising fire;  
 Sole regent thou, till great Apollo's beam,  
 Levell'd, proclaims, the crown belongs to him.  
 When Cynthia's present, thou on her can'st gaze,  
 And deck the heav'ns with thy distinguish'd blaze;  
 With her can'st meet Apollo, though with awe,  
 Nor long before the queen of night withdraw.  
 A light so pure, so bright, surrounds the blest,  
 In the glad regions of eternal rest.

Thy near approaches to the lordly seat,  
 The spring of unexhausted light and heat,  
 Fill thy fair orb with those refulgent showers;  
 How dark and cold, comparatively, ours!

Equal



Equal thy globe, more wonderful thy speed,  
 So vigorous thy Pegasean steed !  
 Thou wak'st the lab'ring \* hand, and seem'st to say,  
 " Arise, begin the business of the day ;"  
 To him dost kindly offer some relief  
 Whose slumbers were forbid by pain or grief.  
 Thou dost delight my healthy active mind,  
 Dost me, expecting thee, with pleasure, find ;  
 Thy smiles dart on me an approving light,  
 Inspire my verse, and guide my hand to write.  
 Say then, O Phosphor ! fairest planet, tell,  
 Who on thy hills and flow'ry meadows dwell ?  
 Who in thy ever-verdant forests stray,  
 And on thy banks of pearly currents play ?  
 Who breathe thy chearing odours, whilst thy spring  
 Eternal does our Maker's praises sing ;  
 What eyes, undazzled, can thy lustre see,  
 What bodies bear the heat bestow'd on thee ?  
 Lovely each form, and beautifully fair,  
 Their motion graceful, and divine their air ;  
 Nectar their drink, ambrosia is their food,  
 And purest spirits flow from coral blood ;

\* Bentley would not have failed to make a long note to  
 prove the author gave " hind ;" and it would be of a piece with  
 most of Horace and Milton. *J. R. jun.*

With constant health, with heavenly vigour blest,

\* Still exercis'd, yet never-needing rest.

The comfort we receive, when clos'd our eyes,

To them variety of act supplies.

No wars, dissensions, or cabals have they,

All read the law of nature, and obey ;

The rack of fear, and doubting hope, unknown,

Ingratitude, or villainy, is none ;

All there is love ; all placid, calm the mind,

Or warm good-will the agitating wind ;

In innocence they pass their tranquil days,

Successive pleasures, and perpetual praise ;

Those steady minds, untempest, disdain

To owe their happiness to grief or pain ;

For transient visitors alone are they,

Who wound but gently, and who never stay.

No superstition, folly, custom, law,

Here keeps wise nature's appetites in awe ;

No danger of excess, reproach, or shame,

For appetite and reason are the same ;

Tho' passion warms, they are not passion's slave,

They instantly possess whate'er they crave ;

\* This was a natural thought for my father, who was the most active man alive, and always regretted the necessity there was of sleep. *Ditto.*

No calumny those happy regions know,  
 With friendship unprov'd the sexes glow;  
 The tender rapture is no stranger here,  
 But free from jealousy, and doubt, and fear;  
 Belov'd, the virgin loves, and grants the joy,  
 And only to improve the bliss, is cloy.  
 When length of days bids nature's pow'rs decline,  
 Their share of life contented they resign;  
 Dying, they enter in a purple cloud,  
 To be no more, or taste some unknown good;  
 The good supreme they know no cause to fear,  
 No legislators, and no priests are here!  
 Not free their will, nor with temptation try'd,  
 Their God their king, their Father is their guide.  
 As all things here inanimate obey,  
 There reason's powers th' obsequious passions sway;  
 One all-informing, all sustaining soul,  
 Governs each part, and animates the whole;  
 No rebel man's or angel's voice is heard,  
 No god is there provok'd, or devil fear'd;  
 All stand secure, impossible to fall,  
 And everlasting good is *All in All*.

Henceforth, whene'er, O Phosphor! I behold  
 Whether in summer's breeze, or winter's cold,  
 From my safe window, or some distant hill,  
 From field, grove, terrace, dell, or fuming rill,  
 Thy

Thy early circlet, I my harp will string,  
But to an instrument far nobler sing,  
A grateful heart; nor shall the praise be thine,  
But His, by whom I sing as thou dost shine.

*Nov.* 18, 1732.

This has been lately published in a collection of Mr. Richardson's "Morning Thoughts, &c." p. 15. printed for Doddsley.



Some EXTRACTS from ABP. HERRING'S  
S E R M O N S.

**N**OVEMBER 10, 1728, Dr. Herring preached at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, on Ephesians iv. 22. *Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.*

He divided his discourse into three heads; shewing what was probably condemned by the apostle, under the character of "corrupt communication;" and, after a general explanation of the words, instanced particularly in,

1. A profane and libertine way of talking.

2. Bold and customary swearing.

3. Obscene, lewd, and indecent discourse.

4. Lying

4. Lying by way of diversion, and to entertain the company.

5. Calumny and slander.

6. Vain and insignificant compliments.

II. What is the virtue here particularly recommended, or the nature of that conversation which the apostle points out to us. And,

III. The importance of the duty prescribed.

Dec. 1, 1728, Dr. Herring preached on Coloss. iii. 14. *And above all these things put on charity.*

After having observed that it is a great recommendation of christianity, that the first preachers of the gospel, (particularly St. John and St. Paul) insist so much on universal love and benevolence, and not merely on external duties, he divided his discourse into two heads :

S

I. To

I. To shew what is here meant by charity.

II. Why so great a stress is laid upon it.

Under the first head he observed, that by the word “charity” is here denoted such a temper and habit of mind, as disposes a man to perform all the kind and benevolent offices, that shall at any time lie in his power; and likewise to put the most candid and favourable construction upon every word and action; and, for a fuller explanation of it, quoted and enlarged on the 13th chapter of St. Paul’s first epistle to the Corinthians, by which it appears, that it does not signify any single action, nor even a series of actions, but that rectitude of soul which is the source and spring of every thing humane, beneficent, and praiseworthy.

II. He

II. He shewed, that this charity is the fairest resemblance of the Supreme Being. *God is love, and he who dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* This consequently must be the most acceptable service to God. *Imitari quem colis* is the most natural and rational principle of every religion. It is the sum and epitome of all social duties, and mingles itself with, and animates both our conversation and all our actions.

Hereby we shall likewise copy the example of our blessed Lord and Saviour, *who went about doing good,* and recommend his religion to the love and admiration of all with whom we converse, and prove bright and *shining lights in the world.*

There is a native grace and beauty in this benignity of spirit, which commands the esteem and veneration of all



mankind. Hereby men become, as it were, gods to one another; whereas, by cruelty, envy, hatred, and malice, they divest themselves of human nature, and are reduced to a level with the brute creation.

The GOOD SAMARITAN, Luke x. 36, 37, to shew,

1. The meaning and extent of the duty enjoined.
2. Our obligations to the practice of it. And
3. The advantages resulting from the faithful discharge of this amiable virtue.

REMARKS

REMARKS on LORD BOLINGBROKE'S  
 NOTION of a GOD, with some occasi-  
 onal notes. To which are added, the  
 Arguments of Q. Lucilius Balbus, the  
 Stoic, in proof of the Being, and of  
 the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of  
 God: translated from the second book  
 of Cicero's Tract De Naturâ Deorum.

"Though I would not take Tully for my guide in  
 matters of the first philosophy, yet his opinions are  
 often true, and his authority is always of weight,  
 if not to determine, yet to confirm us on such sub-  
 jects as these." L. Bolingbroke, vol. v. p. 55.  
 4to edition.

## P R E F A C E.

THOSE who have not read lord  
 Bolingbroke's works, may be  
 tempted to imagine, (and, indeed, with  
 some appearance of reason) that his  
 sentiments are misrepresented in the  
 S 3 follow-

following pages ; and that it is impossible a writer, so much applauded for wit and good sense, should have adopted such absurd principles ; which, if they do not absolutely subvert, at least, greatly weaken all moral obligations ; while, at the same time, he plumes himself as the reviver of the first philosophy, and the advocate of virtue, in opposition to the confederated powers of atheists and divines, whom he commonly links together.

It may be proper, therefore, to expose some of his sentiments to the reader in his own words :

“ The doctrine of Clarke, and other Christian divines, about our obligation to imitate God, is false and profane.” Vol. v. page 65. “ Divines have wickedly and impudently assumed, that there is a law of right reason common to God and man.” Vol. v. page 77.  
 “ We

“ We are able to arrive, by a proper exercise of our mental faculties, from the knowledge of God’s works, to a knowledge of his existence, and of that infinite power and wisdom, which are demonstrated to us in them. Our knowledge concerning God goes no further.” Vol. iv. page 86. “ The ascribing justice and goodness to God, according to our notions of them, would not be less really absurd, than the ascribing of temperance and fortitude to him.” Vol. v. page 311. “ I think that the moral attributes of the Supreme Being are absorbed in his wisdom; that we should consider them only as different modifications of this physical attribute.” Vol. v. page 335. “ Of divine goodness and divine justice (says he, in the person of Anaxagoras) I am unable to frame any



\* adequate notion from God's works; and, instead of conceiving such distinct moral attributes in the Supreme Being, we ought, perhaps, to conceive nothing more than this, that there are various applications of one eternal reason, which it becomes us little to analyse into attributes." Vol. iv. page 117.

"The moral attributes are barely names that we give to various manifestations of the infinite wisdom of one simple uncompounded Being." Vol. v. page 453. "There is no sufficient foundation in the phænomena of nature, to connect the moral attributes with the physical attributes of God, nay, the phænomena are in several cases repugnant." Vol. v. page 316.

\* It has been justly observed, that "inadequate ideas," and "no ideas," signify one and the same thing, according to lord Bolingbroke.

" Good-

“ Goodness and justice in God are something transcendent, and of which we cannot make any true judgment, nor argue with any certainty about them.” Vol. v. page 359.

It must be confessed, that lord Bolingbroke, in a few passages, seems to allow, that we may gain some knowledge of God’s goodness from his works, but he expresses himself with great reserve and caution \*; and this concession (extorted from him by the force

\* Thus, for example, he says, “ We are taught, by natural theology, to ascribe goodness and justice to God, wherever he intended we should so ascribe them, that is, wherever either his works, or the dispensations of his providence, do as necessarily communicate these notions to our minds, as those of wisdom and power are communicated to us, in the whole extent of both. Vol. v. p. 527.

It may be asked, why the words “ as necessarily” are introduced here ? Plainly for this reason, because the author was resolved not to admit the moral

of truth) is directly contradictory to the passages already produced, and to the general tenour of his argument.

It is, indeed, surprising, that a nobleman of a polite education, and one who had kept what the world calls the best company, should allow himself to declaim, with so much virulence, against such writers as Cudworth \*, Barrow, Cumberland †, Clarke ‡, and Wollaston §, who are esteemed, by foreigners, an honour to the British nation. Speaking of Barrow, lord Bo-

moral attributes (goodness and justice) unless they could be strictly demonstrated. But, to let that pass, it appears from hence, that he allows there may be, at least, some instances in which they are so demonstrated; else it would have been trifling to have laid down this hypothetical proposition,

\* See vol. iii. p. 353.

† Vol. iv. p. 82. ‡ Passim. § Vol. iii. p. 518.

lingbroke says, " he was a divine ; he was a preacher ; he was to keep the cant of the pulpit." He then gives an imperfect account of some of his arguments ; and, without attempting to answer them, proceeds thus : " Such flimsy stuff is a man like him obliged to vend, when he has put on a black gown and band." Vol. v. page 361.

He gives no more quarter to Wollaston than to Barrow. Hear his own words : " The solemn author of the *Religion of Nature delineated*, places himself on the same bench with Minos ; nay, far above Minos ; he judges God as well as man." He then gives an abstract of some of Mr. Wollaston's reasons for a future state, flies from the argument, and runs on thus : " This is strange theism. Artificial theology is neither more dogmatical, nor more absurd." Ib. page 374. " The man  
who



who wrote all this nonsense was a man of parts," &c. And a little lower he calls him "a learned lunatic."

Horace's known allusion to the fable of the viper and the file, can be never more properly applied than on this occasion :

—*fragili quærens illidere dentem,  
Offendet solido.*

As to Dr. Clarke's "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God," in particular, (the chief object of this noble lord's spleen;) that defies his nibbling efforts, as has been shewn more at large by others, particularly by Dr. Warburton (now bishop of Gloucester) in his "View of lord Bolingbroke's philosophy," letter i. page 105 to page 143, where he has explained and enforced Dr. Clarke's rational notions of the moral attributes of the Deity, in the clearest and most convincing manner.

I have

I have endeavoured to express my thoughts in the following sheets with the utmost plainness and simplicity; for a superfluous glare (to borrow lord Bolingbroke's happy phrase) *offusques* the intellectual sight.

REMARKS *on* LORD BOLINGBROKE'S  
NOTION *of a* GOD.

**I**T is allowed by lord Bolingbroke\*, that "reason can discover there is a God;" that is, (as he explains himself) "a Being which has existed from eternity, infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful." But reason, he tells us, "cannot advance a step farther." All beyond the line he has drawn is darkness and presumption.

I would, therefore, ask, by what means it is known, that God is wise and powerful?

\* See his second essay.

The answer, I presume, must be, that these attributes are demonstrable from that display of wisdom and power which we behold in the works of the creation, viz. from the regular motion of the heavenly bodies, the subserviency of one thing to another, the curious structure of animals and vegetables, particularly of the human frame, and from the wonderful powers and faculties of the human mind, &c.

And these reasons are, undoubtedly, strong and conclusive.

But, may we not, from the same premises, infer also the goodness of God, the sole foundation of love and worship? I hope, and believe, we may.

We cannot cast our eyes abroad, without observing abundant marks of his goodness, as well as of his wisdom and power.

What

What can more strongly attest his goodness, than his “ giving us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, and his filling our hearts daily with food and gladness ?” Acts xiv. ver. 15.

I quote this passage, not on account of the authority the of inspired writer, but as the natural dictate of common sense and reason.

The opinion and reasoning of a heathen philosopher will probably have greater weight with the admirers of lord Bolingbroke, than the testimony and arguments of an apostle. They should, therefore, remember, that Balbus, in Cicero, says, “ Our ancestors commonly styled God the best and greatest Being; the best, that is, the most beneficent, before the greatest; for it is more glorious, and far more engaging, to be profitable to all, than to be possessed of great power, and great strength.”



strength." De Naturâ Deorum, lib. ii. cap. 25.

And, in another place, he says, "Nature has made such an ample provision for the gratification of our appetites, that, in some instances, Providence herself seems to have been an Epicurean." Ib. cap. 64. A bold figure, but, at the same time, just and beautiful.

The beneficence of God to his creatures is the strongest proof of his goodness; and this cannot be set in a more amiable light, than by the fore-cited author. I will, therefore, give an abstract of his arguments on this head. And, I make no doubt, but it will appear, from this specimen, how far the reasonings of the Roman Stoic surpass, in clearness and precision, those of our British Academician on this subject.

— Behold

“Behold the earth, (says he\*) placed in the middle of the world, globular,

\* “The discourse of Balbus (if we will trust lord Bolingbroke) is a rhapsody of sense and nonsense.” Vol. v. p. 254.

We must do lord Bolingbroke the justice to own, that he is no respecter of persons, for he treats Plato and Cicero in the same cavalier manner as Moses and St. Paul.

The word “rhapsody” is unhappily introduced here, and might, with much more reason, be retorted on his “fragments and minutes of essays.”

Those who are at all acquainted with the character of Cicero, will not easily believe, that so great an orator could be deficient in method. However, I will lay before the reader a short analysis of that part of Balbus’s discourse here abridged, by which he will see, with a glance of his eye, the thread of the argument.

I shall leave it to others to shew the consistence of the whole discourse, which, I believe, would be no difficult task. As to the style of the original, nothing can be more just than Mr. Addison’s observation :

“There is,” says he, “as much difference in apprehending a thought cloathed in Cicero’s  
T language,

and gravitating on every side towards its own centre, cloathed with flowers,

language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun."

Balbus draws a landscape of the earth and seas, their provision, furniture, and inhabitants. He ascends to the air and the clouds; from thence visits the heavens, describes the sun, the moon, and the planets, with their respective revolutions, and infers from these great works, that they must be the effect of thought and design.

He touches on the wonderful principle of gravitation, extending over all the universe, by which the various parts of this mighty whole cohere, and are linked together, as it were, by an indissoluble band. "This," he says, "could not be wrought but *mente et ratione*, by mind and reason."

He descends again to the earth, and enters into a more minute detail of its furniture and inhabitants, as plants and animals, but insists chiefly on the latter.

He shews the ample provision which nature has made for the support of the various species of animals; their cloathing, and their food; the  
happy

herbs, trees, and corn, which are profusely spread around, and adapted to

happy instincts with which they are endued, exactly suited to the state and condition where they are placed; their arms, the care they take of their tender brood, &c.

He then proceeds to consider the provision made for the support, the comfort, and delight of man. This subject affords a copious theme for his eloquence.

He clearly shews, that the earth, its furniture, and even some species of animals, were chiefly designed for the use of man. The better to evince this, he critically examines the artful structure of the human body, and its various organs, and displays the noble faculties of the mind. He winds up the argument with a lively picture of the earth in miniature, and infers from the whole, that there must be an eternal Being, intelligent, infinite in wisdom, power, and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things.

I shall conclude this long note with the character Mr. Addison has given of this discourse:

“ Cicero has given us an admirable sketch of natural history, in his second book concerning the nature of the Gods, and that in a style so



every taste. Add to this, the perpetual flow of cool fountains, and tran-

raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations, when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer." Spectator, Vol. ii. No. 121.

Balbus, in this part of his discourse, pursues that train of reasoning, *à posteriori*, which lord Bolingbroke graciously allows his pupils to trace, in order to convince themselves of the wisdom and power of God.

After having recommended the writings of Ray, Derham, Nieuntyt, and other natural philosophers, lord Bolingbroke proceeds thus: "Such proofs are brought by these writers, that man, and every species of the animal kind, are fitted, in their very formation, for their state here, as nothing but the most irrational obstinacy can resist.

"The minutest instances are decisive; and those which seem the most obvious, because the most common, appear, on a closer inspection, not less astonishing than the greatest *phænomena*, and the more remote from observation. The animal eye, for instance, is not less astonishing in its various

parent streams; the verdure of their borders; the profound caverns; the

rious situations, motions, and particular uses, than the eye of the world, the Sun. To these writings let me refer you: Natural philosophy, thus applied, leads, irresistibly, to natural theology." He concludes this section (addressing himself to Mr. Pope) in a style becoming the dictator of the *first philosophy*: "Read, contemplate, adore; give thanks, and be resigned!" Vol. v. p. 339.

All this is very just and rational, but is it not marvellous to hear him, after this solemn declaration, still insisting, that, though the world is furnished with all the accommodations fit for such a creature as man, yet it was not really made for *him*, but for the *universe*; for, speaking of this world, and of man, its chief inhabitant, he says, "The habitation is fit for him, and he is fitted to live in it: he could not exist in any other. But will it follow that the planet was made for *him*? The asfs would be scorched in Venus or Mercury, and frozen in Jupiter or Saturn. Will it follow, that this temperate planet was made for him to bray, and to eat thistles in it?"

craggy rocks; the height of hanging mountains; and the far extended plains.

But might it not have been said, with equal reason, when the palace at Whitehall was standing, that Inigo Jones's stately saloon was not built for the king, but for the palace?

To illustrate this matter a little farther:

Let us suppose a savage, who had been bred in huts or caves, to behold, for the first time, a house, furnished with every thing fit for the entertainment of inhabitants, would he not naturally suppose, that it was built with such a view and intention? And could it ever enter into his head, that the architect raised it merely to adorn his ground, or for some unknown purpose?

I see no manner of absurdity in allowing, that this world was made partly for lord Bolingbroke's ass; not merely, indeed, "for him to bray and eat thistles in it," but for the purposes mentioned by Balbus.

And such a laborious animal is, in truth, a much worthier tenant of the earth than many an idle \* *Bipes implume*.

\* "An unfeathered, two-legged animal;" Plato's definition of a man.

Add

Add also the hidden veins of gold and silver, and marble quarries in abundance.

“ How various the species of beasts, both wild and tame ! What flights of birds ! How enchanting their songs ! what provision for the pasture of cattle, and for the sustenance of wild beasts ! What shall I say of mankind, who being, as it were, deputed by Providence to cultivate the earth, suffer it not to be over-run with thorns, nor made a desert by the fury of wild beasts ; but, by their labour, adorn the fields, the islands, and the shores with houses and cities ?

“ If we could, with one glance of our eye, behold all these objects, as we can contemplate them with our mind, no man could surely doubt the existence of a divine intelligence.



“ But to proceed : how beautiful is the sea ! How pleasant is it to behold that vast expanse of waters ! What a multitude and variety of islands ! how delightful their shores and coasts ! What an immense quantity of living creatures it contains, and how different in kind ! Some of them are plunged in the deep, others sport on the surface, and some stick to the rocks by their shells.

“ Immediately above the sea and land is placed the air, enlightened by day, and obscured by night. When rarefied, it mounts to the upper region ; but, when condensed, becomes a cloud, and, gathering water, impregnates the earth with flowers. The air, when agitated, causes the winds, and is hot or cold according to the seasons. It supports the birds in their flight, and,  
by

by respiration, nourishes and supports animals."

He then contemplates the sun, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars; the harmony and variety of their motions, &c. from all which he draws the natural consequence. But this part, as not so directly to my present purpose, I here omit. After that he proceeds in this manner :

" But let us descend from heaven to earth : and on what object can we fix our eyes here, which does not demonstrate, that an intelligent Nature presides ? And, first, behold the plants. They have roots to support their stalks, and to draw a nutritious juice from the earth. They are wrapped round with a bark, as with a skin, to defend themselves from heat and cold. The vine, in particular, clasps its props  
with

with its tendrils, as it were, with hands, and rears itself like an animal.

“ But how great is the variety of animals ! \* How mighty that power which preserves the several species from mixing with one another ! Of these some are covered with hides, some are cloathed with hair : others rough with quills or bristles. These have feathers, those scales ; some are armed with horns, and others have wings to fly away. Nature has bountifully provided that sort of food for each species which is fittest for it.

“ Moreover, she has given them *insinct* and *appetite*. By the first they are enabled to distinguish things salutary from those that would be noxious to

\* Monsieur l'Abbé d'Olivet, in his French translation of this tract, (in the main a very good one) has omitted this just and curious observation.

them,

them, and are prompted by the latter to eat their natural food. This some provide by walking, others by creeping; some by flying, others by swimming; some take it with their mouth and teeth, others with their claws and talons, and others with their beaks. Some suck, and others browse; some devour, and others chew it. Some birds are so low, that they can easily reach their food with their bills, others, that are taller, such as geese, swans, and cranes, have long necks for that purpose. Of land animals, the camel has also a very long neck, evidently for the same reason. A *hand*\* was also given to the elephant, because, on account of his great and unwieldy

\* *Manus etiam data elephantis, &c.* The Romans very properly called that member the hand which we call the trunk.

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bulk,

bulk, he would otherwise have found it difficult to get his food."

The following sections give a particular and curious account of the various instincts of animals, suited to their respective wants and necessities, and to that state of life in which they are placed.

"How great," says he, "is the benignity of providence, in giving us such variety of things for our food, so pleasing to the taste! and these, too, fitted for each season of the year; so that we are every day delighted with the novelty and plenty of them.

"How seasonably does she send the Etesian gales, not only refreshing to man and beast, but even to all those things that spring from the earth! They temper the scorching heat; and, by these, voyages are rendered speedy and secure.

"Though

“ Though I have mentioned so many things, many more must be omitted. For how is it possible to enumerate the various advantages arising from rivers, from the flowing and ebbing of the tides; the hills cloathed with grass, and mountains covered with forests; the salt-pits at the greatest distance from the sea-shore, from lands abounding with wholesome medicines, and the innumerable arts necessary to prepare our food, and to accommodate us with the conveniences of life? The vicissitudes of day and night contribute to the health and refreshment of animals, allowing them a time for labour, and a time for rest.

“ Thus, wherever we turn our eyes, it evidently appears, that all things in this world are admirably directed by a mind and providence divine, for the preservation and welfare of the whole.”

Our



Our author, after he has slightly touched on the structure and use of the bones and nerves, proceeds in this manner :

“ To what has been already advanced in proof of a wise and watchful Providence, many more things might be added ; by which it would appear, with what great and excellent privileges God has distinguished mankind \*.

“ He has raised us from the ground, and given us an erect and upright posture, that, beholding the heavens, we may lift our thoughts thither, and learn to know the gods. Man is placed on earth not merely as a sojourner or inhabitant, but to be a spectator of high and heavenly things, which privilege belongs to no other creature.

\* — *quantæ res hominibus a Deo, quamque eximiæ tributæ sint.*

“ The

“ The senses, our interpreters, and the messengers who give us advice of what passes without, are, for our service, wonderfully placed in the head, as on a watch-tower.

“ The eyes are allotted the highest place, because it is their office, like centinels, to discover objects at a distance.

“ The ears too, the organs of sound, which naturally ascends, are rightly placed in the upper part of the body.

“ It was proper for the nostrils to be in the same situation, because smells also ascend; and it was fit they should be near the mouth, because they greatly help us to judge of what we eat and drink.

“ The taste, designed to guide and check our appetite, is naturally seated in the mouth.

“ Feeling is equally diffused over the whole body, to warn us of danger  
from

from violence, and from the excesses of heat and cold.

“ And, as an architect will not place the sewers of an house (which must necessarily have something offensive in them) beneath the eye and nose of the master, so nature has placed the similar parts of the body at a distance from our senses.

“ What artificer but nature, than which nothing can be more sagacious, could have formed the organs of sense with so much skill and address ?

“ She has covered the eyes with very thin tunics, which are made transparent, that they may be seen through ; and firm, that the eyes may be kept in their due place ; but she has made the eyes slippery and flexible, that they may avoid what would hurt them, and that we may turn our sight whither we please. The pupil of the eye, with  
which

which we see, is so small, that it can, without difficulty, shun those things which might be noxious to it. The lids, which are the coverings of the eyes, are smooth and soft, that they may not hurt them: whether we want to shut or open our eyes, the lids obey instantaneously. They are also fenced, as it were, with a palisade of hairs\*, which serve to ward off what might fall into the eyes when they are open, and to keep them more secure when

\* Mr. Derham farther observes, that the hairs of the eye-lids grow but to a certain commodious length, and need no cutting; and likewise, that their points stand out of the way, and in the upper lid bend upwards, as they do downwards in the lower lid; whereby they are well adapted to their use. From hence, says he, we may learn, how critical and nice the great Author of Nature hath been, even in the least and most trivial conveniences belonging to animal bodies. Derham's *Physico Theology*, p. 109.

U

they



they are wrapped up in sleep, and we have no occasion to use them.

Moreover, they lie conveniently withdrawn, and are guarded by eminences: for above, the height of the brows arrests the sweat falling from the head; and below, the gentle rise of the cheeks defends them: lastly, the nose is placed, like a partition-wall, between them.

“ The ear remains always open, as we have occasion for it, while we are sleeping; and even then, if it is assailed by any loud noise, it immediately wakes us.

“ At the entrance of it there are winding ducts, by which it is secured from such things as might have got into it, if it had been plain and direct.

“ Nature has also given it a kind of soft yellow wax, by which insects that  
may

may attempt to creep in are repelled, or entangled, as in glue.

“ That part of it which is protuberant, distinguished by the name of the outward ear \*, was designed to guard the hearing, and to collect the sounds, that they may not be dispersed before they reach the sensory. There is a hard and horny substance at the inlet, with various labyrinths, which are best adapted to convey and enlarge sounds. For this purpose harps are commonly made of horn or tortoise-shell. And

\* The substance of the outward ear is cartilaginous, the most proper for this place. If it had been bone, as Dr. Gibson observes in his Anatomy, it would have been troublesome, and might, by many accidents, have been broken off; if flesh, it would have been subject to contusion.

The reader may see many more remarks on this curious organ in Derham's Physico Theology, p. 114.

thus we find, that vaults and arched roofs are fittest to magnify and propagate sounds.

“ The nostrils, on account of the continual need we have of them, are never closed. Their passage is very narrow, and always moist, which serves to keep out dust, and other noxious things.

“ The palate is admirably guarded; for it is placed in the mouth, the most commodious situation, whether we regard its use or safety.

“ The senses of mankind, are much more nice in distinguishing than those of the brutes. The eyes, in the arts belonging to their jurisdiction, such as painting, sculpture, and statuary, and even in the gestures and motion of bodies, observe many things which escape the notice of other animals. The eye judges of the beauty,  
the

the harmony, and, if I may so speak, the decency of colours and figures; and even of greater things than these; for the eye is able to read the virtues, or vices, of a man in his very countenance, as whether he be angry or pleased, joyful or sad, brave or cowardly, bold or fearful.

“ The judgment of the ear is not less accurate, in relation to sounds, whether vocal or instrumental. It distinguishes the time, the notes, the pauses, the variety of tones, treble or base, mellow or shrill, flat or sharp, tender or harsh: which distinctions are made by no other creatures but man.

“ The smell, taste, and feeling, are also nice in judging. To please and soothe which senses, I am sorry so many arts have been invented. For it is needless to mention our refinements in cookery, perfumes, and all such deli-



cacies as tend to pamper and indulge the body.

“ But let us now turn our thoughts to the mind, or soul, of man, his understanding, wisdom, sagacity ! Now, he who is not sensible that they were originally conferred upon us by the divine munificence, such a one, I say, seems to me unendowed with these faculties himself.

“ How great a privilege is even intelligence, or simple reflection ! But it is a much greater to be able to form abstract notions, to analyse our thoughts, to connect our ideas, and, from self-evident principles, to draw a long train of consequences, and, by these means, attain the knowledge of remote truths. This is what we call demonstration, or science; than \* which

\* This may be thought a rant. However, it is certain, that we cannot explicitly ascribe any other

no greater perfection can be ascribed even to a god.

“ How valuable a prerogative is it to know, so thoroughly, external objects by the medium of our senses, corrected by the judgment of the mind ! Thus we discern their relation and dependencies, and invent the arts which the necessities, conveniencies, or pleasures of life require.

“ How excellent, how divine a gift is eloquence, whose power controuls the world ! By this we are taught those things of which we ourselves were ignorant, and learn to teach others what we know. By this we exhort and persuade : by this we comfort the afflicted, raise the dejected, repress the

other perfections to the Deity, than what we ourselves are conscious of, abstracting from them all defects, and adding the idea of eternity.

insolent, and curb the violence of lust and rage. This united men in cities by the bands of civil rights and laws, and reclaimed them from a fierce and savage life.

“ What a wonderful mechanism nature has employed in forming the voice, can scarce be credited by those who have not considered it attentively. For, first, a pipe runs from the lungs to the lower part of the mouth, through which the voice, (whose principle is the mind) is transmitted. Then in the mouth is placed the tongue, encompassed with the teeth ; this models and softens the voice, too harsh and strong before. By the striking it against the teeth and other parts of the mouth, it renders the voice distinct and articulate. The Stoics, therefore, compare the tongue to the bow of a harp, the teeth to the strings, the nostrils to the horn,

horn \*, or shell, which echoes when the strings are touched.

“ But how commodious are the hands which nature has given mankind, and how many arts do they minister ! Our fingers are shut and opened with the utmost ease ; so flexible are the joints. The hand, therefore, is ready, by the help of the fingers, to paint, to carve, to engrave, to strike the harp, or tune the flute. Those for pleasure. With regard to necessaries, it tills the field, builds houses, weaves, or spins habits to cloath us, and works all the various instruments in copper or iron. It is the province of the senses to perceive, the mind to judge and invent, and the hand to execute. Thus, you see, it is owing to the hands of artificers that we are protected from the in-

\* The body of the harp was made of horn or shell.



clemency of the weather, that we are cloathed, and can live securely ; that we have cities, walls, houses, and temples.

“ By the labour of the hand we have plenty and variety of food. For many of those fruits which are immediately spent, or ought to be kept, would not arise without culture.

“ And, as to, those animals whose flesh we eat, whether beasts, fowls, birds, or fish, some of them we catch, and others we rear and feed. We tame and oblige the four-footed animals to carry us ; whose speed and strength give strength and speed to us. Some beasts bear our burdens, others bow down the neck to our yoke. We make the sagacity of the elephant, and the smell of the dog, subservient to our purpose.

“ Iron,

“ Iron \*, so necessary in the tillage of land, is forced from the bowels of

\* Mr. Locke ascribes that gross ignorance of useful arts, in which the Americans were originally found, and their want of the greatest part of the conveniencies of life, in a country which abounds with all sorts of natural plenty, to their ignorance of the use of this despised mineral; and whatever we may think (says he) of our parts and improvements in this part of the world, where knowledge and plenty seem to vie each with the other; yet, to any one who will seriously reflect on it, I suppose, it will appear past all doubt, that, were the use of iron lost among us, we should, in a few ages, be unavoidably reduced to the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage Americans, whose natural endowments and provisions come no way short of those of the most flourishing and polite nations; so that he who first made known the use of that one contemptible mineral, may be truly stiled the father of arts, and author of plenty. *Essay on Human Understanding*, book iv, chap. 12, sect. 11.

All this seems very just. But this mineral would be of little service were it not tempered  
and

the earth by our hands. We have discovered the veins of copper, of silver, and of gold, so deeply buried; and mould and fashion them in various forms for our use and ornament.

“ We fell trees for firing to warm ourselves, and to dress our food. By these we are supplied with timber to rear our houses, which defend us from the extremes of heat and cold.

“ By these we build our ships, in which we traverse the ocean, and import the produce of different countries. We alone, by our skill in navigation, rule and direct those things which are naturally the most violent, as the winds and the waves. And from the sea we derive various advantages.

and moulded for our use in the fire. So that we have, at least, as much reason to bless Providence for the discovery of that beneficial and cherishing element.

“ But,

“ But, as to the land, we are absolute masters of what that produces. We enjoy the valleys and the mountains: the lakes and the rivers are ours: we sow the corn, and plant the trees: we give plenty to the meadows, by watering them with gentle streams: we turn the course of rivers, and bid them flow in different channels.

“ In a word, we, by our industry and the toil of our hands, give a new gloss and lustre to the face of nature.

“ But what is this? Has not human reason scanned and penetrated the heavens? Of all the animals it is man alone who observes the course of the stars, their rising and their setting; who has divided the time into days, months, and years; who foresees the eclipses of the sun and moon, and can compute, at the greatest distance, the  
precise



precise time when they shall happen, their degree, and duration.

“ It is from such contemplations as these that the mind collects the knowledge of the gods; a knowledge productive of piety, justice, and every virtue: the consequence of which is a happy life, in some measure resembling that of the gods.

“ By what has been advanced, I think I have sufficiently proved, how much the nature of man excels that of other animals; from whence we may conclude, that neither the structure of his body, nor the faculties of his mind, can be the effect of chance. All that remains is to shew, that the things so useful to us in the world, were, in fact, designed for our service.

“ In the beginning then, I say, the world itself was made for the sake of the

the gods \* and men ; and all its furniture was designed for the use of man. The world, if I may so speak, is the common house or city both of gods and men. For they only are its rational inhabitants ; they only observe

\* By the word Gods, Balbus plainly means here intelligent beings, of a superior class to man, but subordinate to the first cause of all things. Christians would express his sentiment in this manner : “ For the sake of angels and men.”

Montagne, I remember, cavils at this passage, but without any just grounds, as Mr. Needler † has clearly shewn in one of his letters. The beautiful lines which Mr. Pope, in his Essay on Man, epistle I. puts into the mouth of Pride, may, with no less propriety, be adopted by Humility, provided they are supposed to flow from a heart penetrated with a deep sense of the Creator's goodness in bestowing these blessings, and not from an insolent contempt of inferior creatures, who are also his workmanship. As to the sentiment, there is little more in it than what we find here urged in vindication of the divine goodness :

“ For

the rules of justice, and guide themselves by law. As, therefore, the cities of Athens and Lacedæmon were built for the sake of the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, and every thing in them is justly looked upon as their property; in like manner we judge, that the furniture of the whole world belongs to the gods and men.

Now, the sun, the moon, and the stars, besides that they are a necessary

“ For me, kind nature wakes her genial power,  
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower.  
Annual, for me, the grape, the rose, renew  
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew:  
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;  
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise!”

† See Needler's Works, 8vo. ed. p. 215, printed for Watts, 1724.

part of the universe, afford also a spectacle to mankind; a spectacle how glorious! with which we can never be cloyed, affording ample matter for our speculations. By computing the course of the stars, we have distinguished the different seasons, their vicissitudes, and duration. And, since these are known only to man, it is but reasonable to suppose they were made for his service.

“ The earth produces corn, fruit, and pulse, in great abundance, and with great variety: say now, did nature design these for the use of man or beast? Need I mention the produce of the vine and olive-tree, so copious and so grateful to our taste, which yet the beasts will not touch? For the cattle have no skill to cultivate the ground, to sow, and to reap the corn, when it is ripe; nor do they bring home the

X

harvest,



harvest, and gather the fruits, and lay them up in barns and store-houses. All this care belongs to man, and the profit is his. For, as the harp and flute were made for them only who have proper organs to play upon those instruments, it is reasonable to suppose, that the fruits of the earth were designed only for such as are able to use them. And, though some other creatures may have a little pittance by stealth or rapine, we must not say that nature designed them for their use. Thus, we store up corn for the sake of our wives, our children, and families, and not for the sake of the mice and ants. Other creatures (as I before observed) enjoy these things by stealth, but man freely and openly, as the lord and proprietor. Therefore we conclude, that nature intended them for the use of man. Unless you should,

should, perhaps, think, that so great a plenty and variety of fruits as nature has spread all around us, not only delightful to the taste, but to the smell and sight, is a gift too magnificent for mere mortals\*.

“ It is so far from being true, that these fruits were designed for the cattle, that the cattle themselves were plainly designed for the use of man. For example, if the sheep did not bear fleeces, which being cleaned, sheered, prepared, and wrought, serve to clothe us, what purpose could they answer? For

\* There is a passage in Milton not unlike this fine sentiment of Balbus :

——— “ That earth now  
Seem'd like to Heav'n ; a seat where gods might  
    dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades !”

Paradise Lost, book vii. v. 328.

without the care and tendance of man, they can neither procure their food, nor rear their young.

“ Does not the fidelity of the dog, his soothing fondness of his master, his hatred of strangers, the surprising acuteness of his nostrils in finding out the prey, and his indefatigable ardour in the pursuit of it ; does not all this, I say, clearly indicate, that he was designed, by nature, for the use and delight of man ?

“ Need I mention the ox, the form of whose back declares that he was not designed to carry burdens ; but his neck is fit for the yoke, and his broad and strong shoulders to draw the plough. No violence was ever offered to him in the old times, as the poets tell us, because he assisted in tilling the land.

“ But after that, an iron race arose, who first presumed to forge the fatal  
iron,

iron, and slew the docile ox to crown their board.

“ For, in the golden age, it was accounted a wicked thing to devour the bowels of so useful an animal.”

In the next section he briefly shews, that asses and mules \* were designed to carry burdens.

He then introduces the swine, as given merely for our food; on which account, he says, “ Nature has made no creature more prolific.

“ What a variety also of birds and fishes, has she provided, delicious to the taste, which, weak and slow as we are, she has furnished us

\* How Cicero came to forget the *horse* I know not. The description of the many excellent qualities by which that noble animal contributes to the profit, convenience, and delight of mankind, would have afforded a large field for the display of his flowing eloquence.



with the skill and address to ensnare and catch ?”

He sums up the whole argument in this manner :

“ Survey, with the eye of your mind, the face of the whole earth, and the spreading ocean : here you will behold vast tracts of land covered with corn ; there, hills and mountains crowned with woods and forests ; here spacious fields and meadows, with cattle grazing ; there, ships of different bulk cleaving the waves with almost incredible swiftness. And, if not contented with viewing its surface, you penetrate into the bowels of the earth, you will there find concealed abundance of things profitable to us, which, as they were designed for the use of man alone, are by man alone discoverable.

“ From whence we infer, that the Being who produced all these things,  
and

and has given us faculties to enjoy them, must be a lover of mankind, wise, powerful, and benevolent \*.”

\* On a review of this extract from Cicero, and comparing it with the original, I find an excellent argument quoted by him from Aristotle, which I had omitted : it shall therefore have a place here.

“ Let us suppose men, who had always dwelt under ground in stately houses, adorned with statues and pictures, and furnished with every thing with which those abound who are commonly thought happy : let us farther suppose, that, without having ever issued from thence, they had, however, heard discourses concerning the gods ; and that, in process of time, the earth being suddenly opened, they should quit their dark abodes, and start, at once, into this upper world. What thoughts would they entertain, when they beheld the earth, the seas, and the heavens ? When they cast their eyes upon the sun, and observed his beauty, his magnitude, and the diffusiveness of his light, which is spread over all the heavens, and forms the day ? And when the shades of night had covered the earth,

The traces of the divine goodness, so visible in the works of the creation, and which the Roman orator has so beautifully displayed, are, indeed, nothing more than what might have been expected from that idea of God, which the serious contemplation on the faculties of our own minds will suggest to us.

Lord Bolingbroke, I know, has entered his *caveat* against all metaphysical arguments : however, I will ven-

what would they think, when they should see all the sky chequered and embellished with stars ; the various appearances of the moon ; its increase and decrease ; and, lastly, the rising and setting of all these heavenly bodies ; and the inviolable regularity of their motions ? When they beheld and considered all these things, they would certainly conclude, both that there are gods, and that these magnificent works were made by them."

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ture to set down one which appears to me strong and conclusive, even from his own principles, viz. the wisdom and power of God demonstrable, as he acknowledges, from his works. It is allowed, that the Supreme Being is infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful: consequently, he must be infinitely happy. But a being infinitely happy can have no selfish or malignant passions to gratify; and therefore must necessarily will the happiness of all his creatures, according to their respective natures and capacities. And since the designs of an all-powerful Being can never be frustrated, it follows, that they will be finally happy, though, probably, by such a preparatory discipline, as his all-perfect wisdom knows to be best.

—And,



— And, if this reasoning fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's firm base is built on stubble!

MILTON.

Lord Bolingbroke maintains, that  
 “ justice and goodness are of a quite  
 different kind and nature in God than  
 in man; and that it would be rash and  
 presumptuous to infer from his moral  
 attributes, how he will act in any gi-  
 ven circumstance.” This is no new  
 doctrine. The same notion was ad-  
 vanced in a sermon preached at Christ  
 Church, Dublin, May 15, 1709, be-  
 fore the earl of Wharton, then lord  
 lieutenant of Ireland, and the Irish  
 house of lords, by Dr. King, lord  
 archbishop of Dublin.

He was driven to this wretched ex-  
 pedient, by an attempt to reconcile  
 divine prescience and predestination  
 with the freedom of man's will; a  
 point,

point, which always has, and always will, puzzle the strongest heads. It should, therefore, be dropped, or, at least, never brought into the pulpit. But even this difficulty \* is but as a thread of tow in the hands of that mighty Sampson, that all-penetrating genius, lord Bolingbroke! *Quantum est sapere!* The sermon is called "Divine Predestination and Foreknowledge consistent with the Freedom of Man's Will." But considering the tenour of the argument contained in it, it ought rather to have been entitled, "The Divine Foreknowledge, in a proper sense, inconsistent with the Freedom of Man's Will." It is to be presumed, that the good archbishop did not see the absurd and dangerous consequences that must necessarily re-

\* Vol. V. p. 525.

sult from his hypothesis ; but Charity herself cannot make this concession in favour of lord Bolingbroke. The archbishop maintained, that “ Wisdom, as in us, is as different from what we call so in God, as light is from motion\*.” Again, “ There is as great a difference between wisdom, justice, and goodness, when attributed to God, and as they are in us, as between weighing in a balance and thinking, in truth infinitely greater†.” Nay, he says, “ The best representations we can make of God are infinitely short of truth‡.” And, lastly, that “ justice and virtue are not to be understood to signify the same thing, when applied to God and to men§.”

If lord Bolingbroke was consistent with himself, he must subscribe to

\* Sermon, page 19. † Page 21. ‡ Page 16.  
§ Page 34 and 35.

what the archbishop says of the wisdom of God, no less than to what he asserts of his justice and goodness.

It is allowed, that the scripture speaks analogically, when it ascribes parts and passions to God, but it has been generally supposed, that, when it gives him such moral attributes, as wisdom, justice, and goodness, it was with design that we should take them to be really in God, as they are in us, and of the same kind, only that he has them in the highest degree possible.

Our conceptions, indeed, of those attributes do not reach the full extent of them as they are in God ; but yet, so far as our conceptions go, they correspond with the wisdom, justice, and goodness of God.

When old objections, new vamped up, are retailed with great pomp and  
parade



parade, as if they had never been heard of before; and no notice is taken of the answers which have been already given, we are reduced to the necessity of repeating those answers.

I will, therefore, give a summary of the vindication of the divine attributes, in remarks on some passages in the archbishop of Dublin's sermon, where the reasoning is equally applicable to lord Bolingbroke.

“ 1st, \* It will be impossible, on these principles, to prove the existence of God against the Atheists; at least, in such a sense as will answer any religious purpose. For the ideas we signify by the term God, must be the subject of proof, whenever we bring that term into a proposition. But

\* The pamphlet from whence these remarks are taken, has been long out of print.

if “all our best conceptions of God are infinitely short of truth; and as different from truth as weighing in a balance is from thinking, or as light from motion;” it will follow, that the existence of any being conformable to our ideas of God can never be proved: unless it should be said, that, what is infinitely short of truth, and different from truth, can be proved true.

“2d, But if it should be owned, that, by the term God, is meant only a being, who is a general cause of the wonderful effects of nature, to which we cannot ascribe any particular attribute or perfection; it will be allowed, that, in this sense, the term may be brought into a proposition; and the being of God will become capable of proof.

“But

“ But if this be all that is meant by that term, what should hinder Atheists from subscribing to the belief of such a deity? For they, equally with Theists, allow some general cause of all effects to have existed eternally, but differ from them in the attributes of that general cause.

“ Thus, for example, the Theist affirms the world was made by a wise being; and thinks the harmony of the universe an evidence of the existence of such a being: but the Atheist affirms, that wisdom is not necessary to such a purpose; but that all these admirable effects may be produced by causes and powers, of which we have no idea.

“ If all the moral attributes of God are given up as indefensible, then all the arguments for God’s government of  
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the world, and for rewarding and punishing men in a future state (which are drawn from the consideration of the attributes of God, taken in a strict and literal sense) are given up.

“ For instance, do we not argue for a future state from the justice of God, and conclude, that he will deal with every man according to his merit ?

“ And do we not conclude from his goodness, his intention of making the virtuous finally happy ? And from his will, do we not infer our duty ?

“ But if none of these attributes are in God, we can never argue from them, nor infer any kind of obligation to duty; for all the motives to duty (except those from present profit or pleasure) are drawn from the consideration of the attributes of God, taken in a literal sense.

Y

“ How



“ How can men know God’s will, when he has no will ?

“ How can men know they shall be rewarded or punished in a future state; or what reason have they to think there shall be a future state, but from the consideration of God’s justice, which will certainly make good men amends in another, for their sufferings in this life, and make wicked men sufferers for the pleasure their sins gave them here.

“ But if we lose the use and benefit of the notion of God, that is, have such a notion as has no influence on our practice, what signifies contending with the Atheist about so poor a speculation as the question of the existence of an eternal immaterial being ?

“ 3d. The denying God to be a holy and just being, plainly contradicts all those passages of scripture, where the example of God is recommended to  
our

our imitation. When the scripture bids us be " holy as God is holy, and merciful as he is merciful, " &c. it supposes us to understand the nature of those attributes in God, and that they are of the same kind with those qualities in us. How else can they be a rule to us ? How can we imitate the holiness of God, unless we know wherein his holiness consists ? Without supposing this, all such precepts are pure jargon, and signify nothing. For had the scripture said, " Be ye holy as I am" *Omega*, instead of, " Be ye holy as I am holy," the precept would have been as intelligible as it is with the term, " holy," unless we annex some precise idea to it.

" Our duty to God consists not merely in obedience to his laws, considered like the laws of earthly princes, but in imitating the perfections of God. Wherefore it is necessary for us to

know the perfections of God (which are both the reason and rule of our duty) in order to imitate them.

“ We are not obliged to imitate the personal qualities of a prince, but only to obey his laws, which may be known without any knowledge of his person ; but part of our duty to God consists in the imitation of him, which implies a knowledge of his nature and perfections.

“ And this has been the opinion of moral philosophers, at all times, and in all ages.”

In confirmation of what is here advanced, I will transcribe a passage from Tillotson, not on account of his great name, but for the good sense and clearness of his reasoning :

“ It is foolish for any man to pretend, that he cannot know, what goodness, and justice, and truth in God are :  
for,

for, if we do not know this, it is all one to us whether God be good, or not; nor could we imitate his goodness; for he who imitates, endeavours to make himself like something that he knows, and must of necessity have some idea of that which he aims to be like. So that, if we had no certain and settled notion of the goodness, and justice, and truth of God, he would be altogether an unintelligible being; and religion, which consists in the imitation of him, would be utterly lost." Tillotson's serm. vol. vi. p. 15, 16.

Lord Bolingbroke politely calls Dr. Clarke "a presumptuous dogmatist." And, in another place, he styles him "an audacious and vain sophist." But, surely, there never was a charge of this nature brought against any controversial writer with less foundation of truth and reason. Dr. Clarke writes

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like a gentleman and a scholar, and always treats his adversary with decency and decorum. His words and address are no less soft and winning than his reasoning strong and conclusive. And he never conceals the strength of an argument which he opposes. All candid readers will do him the justice to own this. But it appears from this calumny, (for such it really is) how little we are acquainted with ourselves, and how blind to our own failings; since some of lord Bolingbroke's friends frankly own, that nobody can be more peremptory, or a greater dogmatist, than he is.

I find another passage relating to Dr. Clarke, which I cannot forbear transcribing: " Your \* Pope pretends to make universal and infallible decrees  
in

\* Addressed to Mr. Pope.

in matters of religion; our Doctor, infallible demonstrations : and both of them send every one to the devil, who does not believe in them, and in all cases like them." Vol. v. p. 252.

The man who, having read Dr. Clarke's works, could allow himself, coolly and deliberately, to utter such a sentence as this, might say any thing. Lord Bolingbroke seems to have been led into it by the affectation of a quaint *antithesis*. After this no credit can be given to his interpretation of any proposition advanced by Dr. Clarke, without consulting the original.

The truth of the case is, Dr. Clarke had demonstrated, that the principles which lord Bolingbroke has since espoused, and attempted to vindicate, may be resolved into downright atheism. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. This was a crime never to be forgiven him, and

Y 4.                      probably

probably the chief ground of that outrageous treatment he has met with from lord Bolingbroke\*. To shew that this is not spoken at random, I will here produce Dr. Clarke's arguments, which lord Bolingbroke's admirers may be safely challenged to answer.

“ Some there are,” says he, “ who call themselves Deists, because they believe not only the being, but also the providence of God; that is, that every natural thing, which is done in the world, is produced by the power, appointed by the wisdom, and directed by the government of God. But then they suppose that God takes no notice of the morally good or evil actions of men.

\* It has also been said that Dr. Clarke had made himself personally obnoxious to lord Bolingbroke by persuading Queen Caroline to decline a visit from his lordship.

men. But, how handsomely soever they speak of the attributes of God, of his knowledge, wisdom, and power, this opinion cannot be settled on any certain principles, nor defended by any consistent reasoning; nor can the natural attributes of God be so separated from the moral, but that he, who denies the latter, may be reduced to a necessity of denying the former likewise. For, since there cannot but be eternal and necessary differences of one thing from another; and, from these necessary differences of things there cannot but arise a fitness, or unfitness, of the application of different things, or different relations, one to another; and infinite knowledge can no more fail to know, or infinite wisdom to chuse, or infinite power to act, according to these eternal reasons and proportions of things, than knowledge can be ignorance; wisdom,



dom, folly ; or power, weakness ; and, consequently the justice and goodness of God are as certain and necessary as his wisdom and power : it follows unavoidably, that he, who denies the justice or goodness of God ; or, which is all one, denies his exercise of these attributes, in inspecting and regarding the moral actions of men ; must also deny either his wisdom, or his power, or both ; and consequently, must needs be driven into absolute atheism." Clarke's Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, 2d Edit. 1706, p. 27.

Again, " If justice and goodness be not the same in God, as in our ideas ; then we mean nothing when we say, that God is necessarily just and good ; and, for the same reason, it may as well be said, that we know not what we mean, when we affirm, that he is  
an

an intelligent and wise being; and there will be no foundation at all left, on which we can fix any thing. Thus, the moral attributes of God, however acknowledged in words, yet are, in reality, entirely taken away; and, upon the same grounds, the natural attributes may also be denied." Ibid. p. 33.

Lord Bolingbroke gives us the following just account of the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ in the gospel.

"The gospel of Christ is one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity. He could have called for fire down from heaven, or for an army of destroying angels, to terrify those who did not believe, or to exterminate such as fell from the faith. But he breathed quite another spirit; and his instructions to his apostles went no farther, than to preach, to exhort,  
to

to reprove ; and where they could not prevail to have their doctrine received, to shake off the dust of their feet.

“ In cases of the most enormous crimes, and even of apostacy, the apostles exercised no other power than that of separating such sinners from the communion of the faithful. They healed the lame ; they cured the blind, and even raised the dead, to prove their mission. Moses proved his mission by miracles likewise. But the miracles wrought by them, in the mild and beneficent spirit of Christianity, tended to the good of mankind ; whereas the miracles he wrought, in the fierce and cruel spirit of Judaism, tended to the destruction of mankind.”

Vol. v. p. 187.

But how shall we reconcile lord Bolingbroke's professed belief of this excellent doctrine with his employing his  
extraor-

extraordinary talents in weakening our obligation to obey it? And this he has certainly done, by labouring to prove, that we have no sufficient evidence to convince us of a future state of retribution.

As to this article, let the reader but compare what that "learned lunatic," (as lord Bolingbroke styles him) Mr. Wollaston, has urged for the support of it (in the Religion of Nature delineated, p. 193, to the end) with what lord Bolingbroke has offered against it; and he may be safely trusted to judge for himself, on which side the weight of evidence inclines.

Though lord Bolingbroke has laughed at some of Mr. Wollaston's arguments, yet, as far as I can find, he has not attempted to answer them. The arguments still remain in their full force; and truth and reason will not be brow-beat,



beat, nor laughed out of countenance.

This Proteus-Author gives, in another place, a very different account of some of the precepts delivered by Christ to his disciples from the mount.

“ Considered, as general duties,”  
 “ they are impracticable, inconsistent with natural instinct, as well as law, and quite destructive of society.”

Some worthy and ingenious persons (who were the friends of lord Bolingbroke) say, that they, who declare their abhorrence of his principles, are no better in their lives and conversations than those who espouse them.

Allowing this to be true, it may be still right to confute his principles, to shew their absurd consequences and dangerous tendency.

It is to be feared, that passion and appetite will generally prevail among the bulk of mankind, even against conviction;

conviction; but, if men once come to be wicked upon principle, what hope remains that they can ever be reclaimed? "If the light which is in us be darkness, how great must that darkness be!"

But, on the other hand, though passion may, for a while, get the better of principle, there is an elastic power in conscience, which will, at length, awaken the soul, and recover the native tone of virtue.

Lord Bolingbroke employed the latter part of his life in labouring to subvert the principles of natural as well as revealed religion. He has left no other ground, or motive, for the practice of virtue, than the profit or pleasure arising from it in this world; which, as experience shews, are too feeble encouragements under severe trials. Rewards or punishments from  
the

the supreme Legislator in another life, adapted to our behaviour in this, have no place in his system. No one can be so blind as not to see, that dissolute manners, and the indulging of passion and appetite, must be the natural consequence of such licentious doctrine. How much more laudable, and more useful to mankind, was the profession, the practice, and example of the Stoic philosopher, Epictetus?

\* “ I could wish,” says he, “ to be taken by death, when I am wholly employed in correcting my will, and in subduing my passions, that I might meet with no impediment in the discharge of my duty, nor be diverted from it, but be absolutely free. I could wish to be found engaged in this task, that I might be able to address myself thus to God : Have I been guilty

\* In Arrian, book iii, chap. 5.

ty of any breach of thy commandments? Have I made an ill use of the opportunities thou hast put into my hands? Have I not rightly employed my knowledge and my faculties? Have I ever accused thee? Have I ever complained of thy providence? I have been sick, because it was thy will; and others too, thou wilt say; but I have been so without repining. I have been poor, but easy and contented. I have not been a magistrate, because such was thy pleasure; nor have I ever wished to be one. But dost thou behold me more sorrowful on that account? Did I not approach thee with a cheerful countenance, ready to obey thy orders? Wouldst thou have me retire from this great assembly? (he means the world) behold, I retire. I am infinitely obliged to thee, for inviting me to this feast; for shewing me thy

Z                      works;



works ; and making me understand thy providence. May death overtake me, while I am reading or writing things like these !”

If we subtract from these words a little of that Stoical pride, with which they are leavened, there is nothing in them but what would become every good man and good Christian: At least, nothing can be more just, than the general maxim of this pious philosopher, “ That it is the interest of every man to be summoned by death in the discharge of those duties, to which providence has called him ; and full of grateful sentiments to God for the blessings he has received from him.”

N U M B.

REMARKS on the ADVENTURER,  
VOL. III, No. 91.

*“ No universal rule of moral conduct, as  
it respects society.”*

**I**N the first paragraph the author lays it down as a principle of the Deists, “ that nothing can be a rule of life, but what is universally known.” I am not acquainted with any Deists, who hold this principle. They maintain, indeed, (and so do Christians,) that a good God cannot require any thing as a duty from “ all his creatures,” but what he has given “ all his creatures” the means and opportunity of knowing to be such.”

As to his assertion, “ that there is no universal rule of moral conduct”, it is evidently false. For, “ that we

should treat others, as we think it reasonable that they should treat us, in the like circumstances," is such a rule; and has been practised by good men at all times; and by persons of all professions\*. "Those by whom a system of moral truths has been discovered, have (says the Adventurer) been considered as prodigies."

By whom have they been considered as prodigies? Not sure by wise and good men. The prophets in Judea, and Jesus Christ and his apostles; Socrates, Aristotle and Plato, &c. in Greece; Tully, Seneca, Epictetus,

\* Every man I treat with says; "Be just and upright to me." My reply is; "I expect the same treatment from you." The voice of all mankind echoes this doctrine. A great deal more, to the same purpose, may be seen in *Le Spectateur François*, by Marivaux, Tome 1, p. 317, to 324, where the reasoning is as clear and strong, as can be met with in Chillingworth or Locke.

Anto-

Antoninus, in Italy; and Confucius, in China; all taught the same moral doctrine. The author intimates, that “neither our interest nor our duty are discoverable by the light of nature.” If this be really the case, the ignorance of it can be no fault. It may be pitied, but cannot be blamed. “Misery, (he says,) has been cultivated by those, who have not incurred guilt; or by the innocent.”

Metaphor is a great foe to clearness and precision in reasoning; and what he means by “cultivating of misery,” I really do not understand.

Misery is so baneful a plant, that no rational creature, I think, will knowingly cultivate it. He proceeds, “and, though all men had been innocent, they might still, (that is, without a revelation,) have been wretched.”



The far greater part of mankind in former ages, for above 4000 years, were without a revelation ; and, even now, in how small a part of the world is the gospel of Christ known and professed ? and all but Christians (according to this author,) must be inevitably wretched.

How is this to be reconciled with the justice and goodness of God.

The writer, who propagates such rigid doctrine, should not have been so outrageous against lord Bolingbroke for denying the moral attributes.

He then fetches a story from the East Indies in confirmation of these principles. It may pass well enough as a novel ; but as to its being a true history, *credat Judæus*.

The substance of the story, stripped of its rhetorical flowers, is as follows :

“ Yamodin

“ Yamodin was king of Golconda. His realm was laid waste by a pestilence. The gods required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood, as a propitiation.

The king had but one child, Tamira, a virgin: she was betrothed to one of the princes of his court with his consent.

“ Yamodin determined to redeem the life of the public (the author's own words) with that of the individual.

“ The lover of the princess prevailed upon her to marry him the night before the intended sacrifice; urging, that as, on the morrow, she would no longer be a virgin, she could not be the sacrifice required by the gods as a propitiation.

“ She consented to his proposal, though with great reluctance, and was accordingly married to him.

“On the morrow, when the priest expected the victim at the altar, the prince produced her as his wife. The king dismissed the assembly: and, after deliberating two hours with himself in private, ordered the prince to be put to death for thwarting the will of the gods. And the sentence was accordingly executed the same hour.

“Tamira, now repenting of her disobedience to the gods and her father, determined to throw herself on the pile prepared to consume her husband's body; though, as a princess, she might have been exempted from that fate.

“The father consented to her request; and their ashes were scattered to the winds.”

This is the story; on which the author makes several remarks. “The conduct of Yamodin,” he tells us, “was morally right, and the conduct of  
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of the prince morally wrong ; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious ; and that her suicide was heroic virtue."

If these principles, so dogmatically delivered, are true, I think it must be allowed, that Ravilliac, who murdered Henry IV of France; Guy Fawkes and others, who attempted to blow up the Parliament ; and the persons, who slaughtered the innocent protestants in the massacres at Paris and in Ireland ; were morally good men, and heroes.

But common sense, no less than Solomon, assures us, " that the spirit of man (that is the reason, and understanding,) is the lamp of the Lord." Prov. xx. 27.

And if we indolently suffer this lamp to be extinguished, it is at our own peril ; and we are, and ought to be, accountable for such neglect.

St.



St. Paul does not say, that he was praise-worthy, nor even that he was guiltless in persecuting the church of Christ, but only, “ that he obtained mercy, because he did it ignorantly, in unbelief.” 1 Timothy, i. 13.

He also assures us, “ that the invifible things of God, namely, his eternal power and godhead, are (or, might have been) clearly feen and understood from the creation of the world,” from his works; fo that the heathen are without excuse. Rom. i. 20. But as they did not like (try, or take proper care,) to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, (ib. ver. 28,) *εις αδοκιμον νεν*; which, according to Locke, ought to have been tranflated, “ to an unfearching and injudicious mind :” the invifible things of God lie, indeed, within the reach of mens reason and underftandings, but  
yet

yet they must exercise their faculties, and employ their minds about them. And the neglect of it is more, or less culpable, as they have more, or fewer opportunities, to cultivate their reason.

The author of the Wisdom of Solomon, speaking of the heathen, says, "that they shall be justly punished, both because they thought not well of God, being devoted unto idols, and because they swore unjustly, in deceit, despising holiness." Wisdom, xiv. 30.

Very little stress ought to be laid upon stories, handed down to us by tradition from the dark ages of the world; or from the dark corners of it, with which we have few, or no connections.

The principles of the Jesuits are so well known, that their accounts may be justly suspected.

Our

Our author argues on the motives, which influenced the conduct of Yamodin and the prince, with as much assurance, as if he was their bosom-friend, and privy to the inmost thoughts of their hearts.

I will beg leave to put into the mouth of that morally good man, Ravilliac, &c. the arguments with which he has supplied Yamodin.

“The end, which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means; the end, which we proposed, was the glory of God, and the destruction of abominable heretics; but we did not, nor could know, that this end (the glory of God,) was not to be obtained by murder and massacres.”

The author, I imagine, will deny the last proposition, and I deny it, as applied by him to Yamodin.

Pro.

Protestants, in general, profess to abhor the maxim of the Jesuits, "that the end will sanctify the means;" but the doctrine of our author, in my opinion, approaches very near it.

"Conscience," he says, "infallibly directs us to avoid guilt."

I cannot agree to this, when applied to such a lax conscience, as is here described.

He proceeds. "It may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope."

If this be really the case, conscience is a very partial legislator; since it condemns and punishes, but never rewards.

Sure I am, that the conscience of St. Paul was far more equitable:

"Our rejoicing," says he, "is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, we have



have had our conversation in the world." 2 Cor. 1. 12.

And if the author intended this of the heathen only, St. Paul assures us, even of them also, " that their consciences excuse, or acquit, as well as accuse, and condemn them." Rom. xi. 15. And the natural consequence of such acquittal must be hope and joy.

But to maintain, that conscience infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, and yet to say, that conscience cannot cheer us with hope, is to me a paradox.

On a review of this paper, I find, I had overlooked a passage, which is worthy of notice.

" Revelation," he says, " is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion;" nay more, he pretends to have proved it.

But this is inverting the natural order of things, and turning the pyramid  
topsy-

topsy-turvy. For unless we first know, that there is a God, and that he is just and good, how can we depend on his promises, and be sure that he will not deceive us?

Revealed religion is built upon natural; and if we undermine this, that will fall with it.

This assertion is the more strange, because the author allows, "that there is a law of God, which is written upon the heart." And what is this law, but natural religion? and if we do not attend to the dictates of it, we shall be the bubbles of every impostor, and entangled in the mazes of false prophets and enthusiasts, who disclaim reason and evidence, and appeal only to the inward feeling of their own hearts.

The instances of error and corruption, which the author has given, did not arise from natural religion, but from  
false

false pretences to inspiration; from the pious frauds of the priests, and the culpable negligence, or connivance, of the governors.

What our blessed Saviour said to the Jews, might be applied to these, "Why, even of yourselves judge ye not, what is right?" Luke xii. 57.

Thus St. Paul also appeals to common sense and reason; "I speak as to wise men: judge ye what I say;" 1 Cor. x. 15. It is by Revelation alone, (the Adventurer tells us,) "that virtue and happiness are connected."

I differ from the author in this point too.

Virtue and happiness, vice and misery, are connected by nature, or rather by the God of nature: and this, indeed, is one of the strongest proofs of the goodness of the Supreme Being.

It

It has been acknowledged by the wisest men, that bodies politic, or societies, are always happy, or miserable, in proportion to their virtues and vices; that they flourish by justice and probity, and soon moulder, and sink in ruins, when their manners are corrupted. "Righteousness exalteth a nation (says Solomon,) but sin is the reproach of any people." Proverbs, xiv. 34.

This is likewise generally true of individuals.

It has been demonstrated, that every virtue naturally tends to promote the peace of the mind, and the health of the body; and that vice disturbs the harmony of the soul, is the parent of diseases, and frequently shortens our lives.

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That virtue does not always make us happy, is owing either to an infirm and sickly constitution, or to the abuse of free-will, and the iniquities of others. But that there is a natural connection between virtue and happiness, is evident to the slightest observer.

Notwithstanding these free remarks, I have a just value for the author of the *Adventurer*, both as a good man and an excellent writer. He is undoubtedly possessed of a fine genius, and a fertile imagination, which he happily employs to advance the cause of virtue and religion.

His style is rhetorical, clear and flowing; and his oriental stories deserve the applause they have received.

I heartily concur with him in the following pious sentiment :

“ If

“ If this sun” (the gospel of Jesus Christ,) “ is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and enquiry ; but let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light.”

1755.

W. D.

F I N I S.

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